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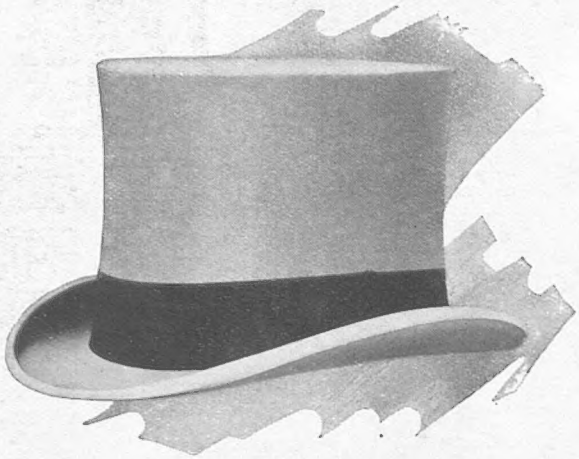

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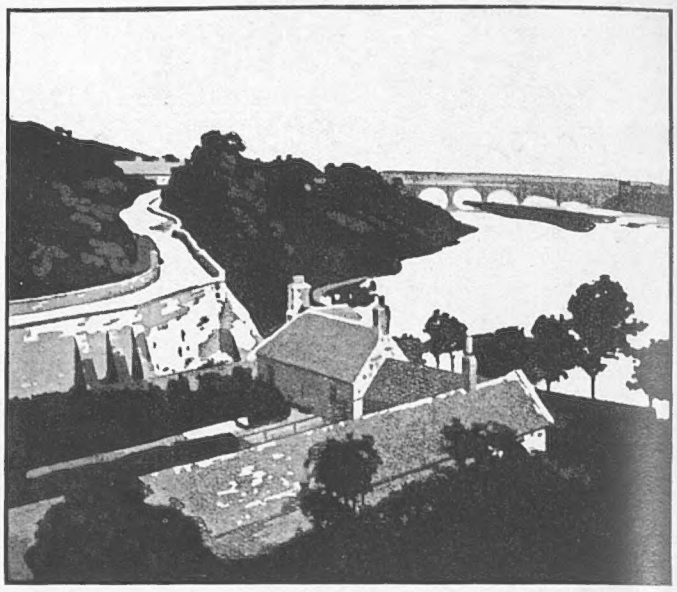

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The Bystander, June 11, 1930

the BYSTANDER

No. 1382. Vol. CVI

RITA PAGE

Cigarini

Whose brightness and humour were some of the main features in the late lamented musical comedy, "Rio Rita." This was recently withdrawn after a short run at the new Prince Edward Theatre

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C.F.H. 58

The Duke of Connaught celebrated his completion of fifty years as Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade by inspecting the regiment in Hyde Park last week. He is seen chatting to General Sir Neville Lyttelton, Governor of Chelsea Hospital since 1912, and Colonel-Commandant of the Rifle Brigade

Keystone

The Passing Hour

THE Derby and the Oaks are over and done with now, but several piquant memories remain. At the H.B. Club dinner, which Lord Rosebery was unable to attend because, as he explained at the last minute, he had a sudden attack of sciatica, Sir Walter de Frece was auctioning the chances of the various horses. Almost the first horse on the list was Blenheim. This was bought for £120 by Claude Leigh, an estate agent whose beautiful blonde American wife is so much to the fore in charity entertainments. However, Sir Walter did not catch his name correctly, and announced that the buyer of the horse was Lord Leigh. His obvious mistake was rapidly pointed out to him. Claude Leigh wittily observed, thereupon, that this was clearly a prophecy.

Apart from the likelihood of Mr. Leigh entering the peerage, this would in any case be impossible. Lord Leigh is entitled to protest against any commoner being given the same title as himself, and he would certainly do so if only to prevent confusion. Indeed, it is more difficult to secure a title against which there is no protest than it is to be elevated to the peerage. People will recall how difficult it was for Mr. Asquith to get himself the name of Lord Oxford and Asquith because of the De Veres who are still alive, although they are only distant relatives of the Earls of Oxford. Sir Alfred Mond, again, had to take his title from his house in the country—Melchett Court. In practice, as well as in theory, a prospective peer must be lord of the manor of the place from which he derives his territorial title.

In the Honours List

THIS brings one naturally enough to the Birthday Honours List. Here we have three new peers—Sir Esmé Howard, Mr. H. S. Furniss, late of Ruskin College, Oxford, and Mr. Noel Buxton. What titles are available for them? Well, Howard is already the family name of the Earls of Carlisle, Effingham, Suffolk and Wicklow, and Baron Strathcona, as well as of the Norfolk family. Besides this there are Lord Howard de Walden and Lord Howard of Glossop. It is going to be really rather difficult for this brilliant diplomat to find himself a suitable name. Probably he will take the name of Lord Greystoke.

On Choosing a Title

WHAT about Mr. Buxton? Already there is a Lord Buxton, so that will not do. He lives at Cromer. But, then, there is a Lord Cromer already, and in any case he has only a cottage there. Perhaps he will derive his title from his wife's home and call himself Lord Lockerbie. Then people may say, "Lockerbye baby on the tree top!" So that would not be

LADY MARY GRAHAM *Lenare*

The eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, who came of age recently. The servants on the family estate at Buchanan Castle, Drymen, presented her with a sapphire and diamond ring in celebration of the event

CLOTHES AND THE MAN

suitable. I do not know what poor Mr. Buxton will do. Finally we come to Mr. Furniss. Mr. Furniss was for nine years the head of Ruskin College at Oxford. He, far more than Mr. Asquith, deserves to be associated territorially with Oxford. Ruskin College is a wonderful institution. What about Lord Furniss and Oxford? I do not see how anyone can complain about that.

Major Lindsay Hay, of the Black Watch, the tallest man in the British Army, arriving for the levee

Brigadier-General Sir Alfred Balfour and Colonel McCullum at St. James's Palace for the levee

Fighting Blindness

NOBODY who saw Toscanini conduct at the Albert Hall and the Queen's Hall could have realised that the maestro is so short-sighted that he can hardly read a menu. The other day I saw him at Sovrani's, and there he was passing the carte de jour in front of his eyes at a range of two inches. The truth of the matter is that Toscanini has the most marvellous memory in the world, which he has been compelled to perfect in view of his misfortune. In case it interests people to know what the great conductor eats I may say that he started with the odd Italian mixture of melon and jambon de parme, and then went on to risotto of veal. That evening he attacked a large plate of polenta done Italian fashion.

The American Influence

BUT, though he likes Italian food, Toscanini has left the Scala at Milan long enough to become American in his clothes. He wore that abomination—a double collar and a bow-tie. However, after hearing him conduct one can forgive anything. Toscanini is also American enough to discuss Prohibition. He was telling Sovrani his views on the subject at luncheon. "Of course, we Italians don't drink much," he said, "because we have inspiration and higher spirits inside us, anyway. The poor devils of Northerners, however, need to get mechanically drunk. That is because of their climate." Toscanini, it may be pointed out, gave 24 concerts in 30 days during his whirlwind tour of Europe—Paris, Dresden, London, Milan, it was all the same to this wonderful veteran of 67.

Boxing Evenings

THAT highly ridiculous article by Mr. B. Nichols on the subject of people who go to the Bat Club and see excellent boxing matches after an excellent dinner needs no further ridicule. These Monday-night entertainments in Albemarle Street are proving highly successful, and the type of people who go to see them are a complete answer to the man who wrote "25" when he was—how old? The other night there was the added attraction of Georges Carpentier himself refereeing the fights. Charlie Chaplin's former wife was there, too.

To revert to Mr. Nichols for a moment—he made a great point of the fact that the

An Indian Army Officer: Capt. Ranking at the levee

Lieut.-General Lord Baden-Powell leaving St. James's Palace after the levee

"THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE"

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

The Colour Party of the 2nd Battalion of the Worcestershire Regiment inspecting their new Colours, which were presented to them by the Duke of Gloucester, after they had been hung in the Mess Room in Crown Hill Barracks, Plymouth. The ceremony took place in the large square of the Naval Barracks, a Guard of Honour being provided by men of the Royal Navy in memory of the men of the regiment who served as Marines in the battle of the Glorious 1st of June, 1794. It was the Worcestershire Regiment that saved the line at Gheluvelt, and again at Neuve Chapelle, and incidentally collected nine V.C.'s. This was the crack shooting regiment of the British Army at the start of the War

SOME BRIDES OF THE MONTH

L.N.A.

Seventeen grown-up bridesmaids and four little children were in attendance on the bride at the recent wedding of Miss Margaret Darell and Mr. Helmut Schröeder. Above the bridesmaids are seen leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after the ceremony

Special Press

Miss Margaret Darell and Mr. Helmut Schröeder leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding. Miss Darell is the elder daughter of Sir Lionel and Lady Darell, of Saul Lodge, Gloucestershire. The bridegroom is the only surviving son of Baron and Baroness Bruno Schröeder, of Park Street, London

Lenare

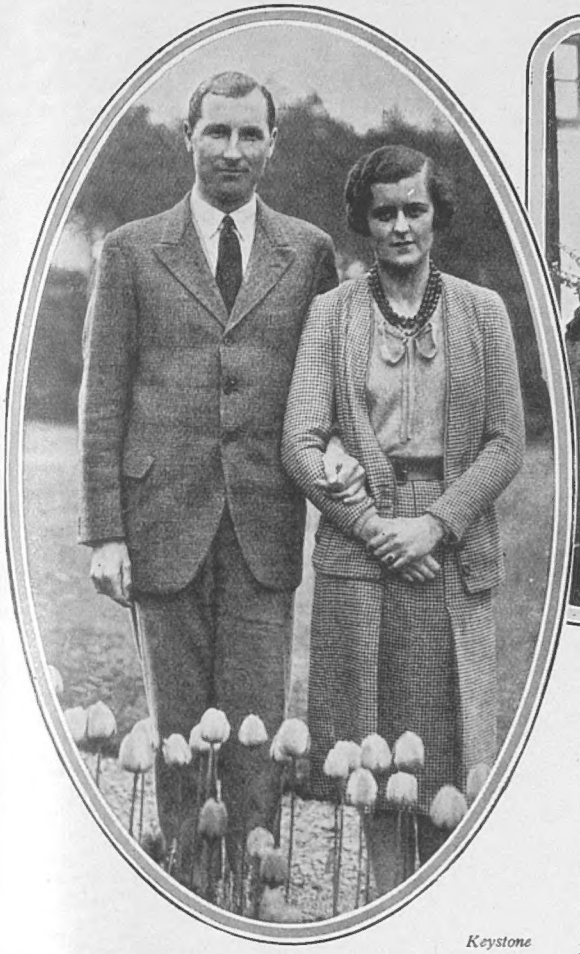
Mr. Rupert J. Hardy, of the Life Guards, the eldest son of Major and Mrs. Bertram Hardy, and his bride, the Hon. Diana Allsopp, whose marriage took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, last week. The bride, who was attended by eight bridesmaids, is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Hindlip, of Hindley Hall, Worcester

money spent on this dinner-time boxing would keep a poor family in food for days. Alas, that is only too true. But what about the price of a stall or a box at the London Pavilion where *Cochran's Revue,* of which he is one of the eight or nine authors and composers, is playing to crowded houses?

Music means Money

THERE is no doubt that the biggest draw a restaurant can secure is a first-class American orchestra which will provide not only dance music, but also a cabaret act. At the Kit-Cat Ted Lewis is crowding the tables nightly. Once a music-hall comedian himself, this high-hatted Tragedian of Jazz, as he calls himself, can play any instrument, and sing as well. He has a tremendous personality, only on the basis of which, indeed, the Ministry of Labour permitted him to play in this country. At week-ends he plays at the Hôtel de Paris at Bray, which is similarly crowded whatever the weather. Special attractions for Ascot Week are being arranged, by the way, and those people who do not go on to the Aldershot Tattoo will find a very gay evening awaiting them. The other evening I saw the Duke and Duchess

PERSONALITIES IN THE BALLROOM



Keystone

The Hon. Somerset Maxwell, the only son of Lord and Lady Farnham, and his fiancée, Miss Susan Roberts, only daughter of Capt. Marshall Roberts, of Grosvenor Square, and of Mrs. Irene Roberts. The Hon. Somerset Maxwell, who is a keen cricketer, is twenty-five years old, and is a Lieutenant in the 2nd Cavalry Division Signals (T.A.)

Lenare

Mr. Hubert Howard, son of the late Hon. Oliver Howard, and of the Countess of Clanwilliam, and his bride, Miss Moira Magee, third daughter of the late Rev. A. V. Magee, and of Mrs. Magee, of Keith Lodge, Maidenhead, photographed after their recent wedding at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street. With them are the bridesmaids—Miss Anne Magee, Miss Veronica Magee, Lady Mary and Lady Elizabeth Meade, Miss Prudence Vansittart, and Miss Eve Barrett. The train-bearers were Master Richard Crewdson, the Hon. Patricia Browne, and Miss Jenifer Howard Langton

of Westminster with a large party, and others present included Lord and Lady Milford Haven, the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford, Col. H. A. and Lady Zia Wernher, Mrs. Dudley Coats, the attractive Mrs. Peter Thursby, Capt. Wolfe Barnato and Mrs. Loel Guinness.

At the Café de Paris

ANOTHER place that is doing very well with its new orchestra is the Café de Paris. This place is a replica of the ball-room in the ill-fated Lusitania. During the War it became Ciro's when Ciro's itself was turned into a hospital ward. Then it became the Élysée, and was the first and last place in London where

Lenare

Mr. William Reginald James West, of the Grenadier Guards, and Miss Isolde Constance Grosvenor, the eldest daughter of the late Lord Arthur Grosvenor and of Lady Arthur Grosvenor, of Gillingham, Dorset, who were recently married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. The bride was attended by two little girls. Lady Mary Cambridge, the Queen's great-niece, and Miss Mary Rose James. The bridesmaids were Misses Penelope Portman, Edna Fox, and Rosemary Grosvenor

FROM COURT AND COURSE

Speaight

MRS. GEORGE HARRISON PHELPS

Who was presented at one of the recent Courts, is an authority on speed-boat racing, and a friend of Sir Henry Segrave. Her husband, Mr. George Harrison Phelps, is a prominent advertising man in Detroit, U.S.A.

one could dance at luncheon-time. Now, under Capt. Humphreys, it is one of the most successful places in London, with a bar-tender who appears in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, and a chandelier which must be one of the biggest in Europe. It is one of the favourite dance places of Lady Louis Mountbatten, and, with the possible exception of two other supper restaurants, is the smartest from the point of view of clothes of any place I know.

Eton and Epsom

Most good Etonians preferred the 4th of June to Epsom last week. Others, not so good, went far after they had seen the Derby run. Besides the procession of boats there were three cricket matches arranged between boys at the school and the Eton Ramblers. As for the procession, W. D. C. Erskine Crum maintained his position as captain of the boats in Monarch. Lord Elveden graced the Victory, and Lord Kerry, unbowed by a recent betting affair, was duly seen in Hibernia. So, altogether, the peerage played quite a prominent part in affairs.

Hamlet à l'Allemagne

The second production of Reinhardt's company at the Globe Theatre scarcely fulfilled expectations. Alexander Moissi showed a Hamlet whose torments never impressed as being those of a great mind confronted by a problem involving the moral order of the universe. His melancholia, his inaction and his inner conflict were all too much a matter of protracted poses and appealing gestures, and consequently during the greater part of the performance he appeared to be a "star" turn—a famous actor interpreting a famous part. Perhaps Herr Moissi had never seen the illustrations to "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; otherwise he might have at least dressed the part differently.

Bertram Park

MISS JOAN DENNIS

One of this season's debutantes, was presented at Court by her aunt, Mrs. John H. Dennis. She is an enthusiastic horsewoman

Sport and General

H. C. Jolly, who won the Thousand Guinea Tournament on the Headingly course at Leeds this year, when he made his fourth consecutive appearance in the final of this competition. He beat O. Sanderson by three and one

A Brave Mother

It takes courage to arrange for your daughter's wedding to take place on Derby Day, but Lady Albinia

MORE HORSES FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

Donaldson had no qualms on the point, and Miss Donaldson duly married Mr. Richard de la Mare at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. The ceremony was conducted by the Bishop of Salisbury and the Rev. Lord Wenlock, both of whom are uncles of the bride. It was interesting as well by reason of the fact that Lady Albinia herself, who is the eldest sister of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, arranged to give her daughter away at the wedding.

A Glittering Affair

ONLY Lady Ellesmere or Lady Londonderry could possibly think of offering a sit-down supper to over a thousand guests, as the former did at her reception at Bridgewater House the other night. It was a glittering affair, made all the more colourful by numbers of guests who came on from the St. James's Palace dinner in full dress uniform. Among them was Lord Churchill, who was looking a little tired, as no doubt he was after his arduous three weeks deciding who is to have the honour and privilege of being seen in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot.

Topical Press

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin photographed during their recent visit to Bramham Park, Boston Spa, Yorkshire. They are seen with their host and hostess, Colonel and Mrs. G. R. Lane-Fox, and their two daughters, Miss Dorothy and Miss Mary Lane-Fox

Bassano

THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT

Who, with the Duke of Beaufort, has left Town for Scotland. They are now at Rosehall, in Sutherlandshire, which belongs to the Duke of Westminster and which provides a lot of good fishing

Tickets, Please!

BRIDGEWATER HOUSE is an alarmingly grand place with

Lenare

MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY

Who recently gave birth to a son at 7, Portland Place. Before her marriage to Mr. Philip Kindersley she was Miss Oonagh Guinness

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

Six more likely winners in the near future are:—

JOLIMENT. Came from the North and was confidently expected to be near at the finish. Will benefit by the race, which was over six furlongs. Was fourth to Ann Bridget.

MISS LINN. This beautiful chestnut filly, by Gainsborough, started favourite for Epsom Handicap (seven furlongs), but her stout challenge was not successful, Clarette scoring by three-quarters of a length. I have had an each-way wager on Miss Linn for the Royal Hunt Cup.

STORY TELLER. When running fourth to Coster Boy over one mile and a half at Epsom was always in the picture, and should be with confidence over this distance in future.

DUCHESS OF MARS. Put up surprise performance in running second to the smart Northerner, Golden King, at Lingfield This well-bred filly will win sprint races.

TREMBLING GRASS. Was medium for big gamble at Lingfield. Follow up. Finished a poor fourth, but will benefit by the race.

THE RECORDER. Was made an odds-on favourite at Lingfield, but had to knuckle under to Good Fish, who was heavily backed. Is a Captain Cuttle colt and showed good promise.

A VEXED QUESTION FOR WIMBLEDON

some of the loveliest pictures in private possession in England. Lady Ellesmere had no intention of the evening being marred by gate-crashers, and even guests who arrived after midnight had to present their cards of invitation. Usually this formality is dispensed with as late as that, but Lady Ellesmere was determined to make no mistake about it. Probably it was unnecessary. No one was likely to risk a snub like that administered two years ago to those four bright young people on the last occasion that a ball was given at Bridgewater House.

Planet News

OUR OVERSEAS PRESS VISITORS

A photograph taken at the opening of the Imperial Press Conference at Grosvenor House last week. Major the Hon. J. J. Astor opened the Conference, which lasts a month and includes receptions, tours, banquets and dances

Sisters in the News

CONGRATULATIONS to Mrs. Kindersley on the birth of a son. The former Miss Oonagh Guinness was easily the youngest bride of last year. Her elder sister Maureen is going to be married quite soon now at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and all the invitations have gone out. Even St. Margaret's seems hardly big enough for the whole clan of Guinnesses, supplemented, as it will be, by the hundreds of relatives of Lord Ava. Their honeymoon at Brioni will be interrupted almost at once by the need for the bridegroom to return to Oxford to take his viva voce—unless some arrangement can be reached whereby this very nominal affair can be postponed or put forward.

MRS. HUMPHREY BUTLER Marion Lewis

Wife of Major Humphrey William Butler, M.C., who has just been appointed Equerry to Prince George. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Charles van Raalte, and a sister of Lady Howard de Walden

Those Stockings

WHO will wear stockings and who will not at Wimbledon this year? It seems certain that there is going to be a revolt which will probably be led by the American players. The Wimbledon authorities themselves are powerless to put their objections into active shape. There is nothing in the rules of lawn tennis about what a player has to wear. The only point that can possibly be raised is that of being indecently dressed. That, however, is so ridiculous that one can take for granted that it will not be upheld.

The Book of the Month

BENEATH a photograph of Miss Victoria Sackville-West, who in private life is the Hon. Mrs. Harold Nicholson, which accompanied Miss Clemence Dane's article in our issue of May 28th, dealing with the Book Society's choice for the month, it was stated that the name of Miss Sackville-West's work was *These Victorians* (Heinemann). This was an error, the name of the book in question, which is published by the Hogarth Press, being *The Edwardians*.

The man who backed Blenheim!

WOULDN'T IT BE AWFUL—

BERT THOMAS

—If Sir Oswald adopted the garb of "Labour"?

The FIRST MEET of the COACHING CLUB:

P. and A.

Sir Edward Stern, the veteran of the Coaching Club, holding his blue roans. His party included Lady Stern, Lady Jellicoe, Lady Kynaston Studd, Sir Goscombe John, and Sir Gomer Berry

Topical

Mr. W. R. Collins, the first member to arrive at the opening meet in Hyde Park, driving a team of three browns and a grey. With him were Mrs. Collins, Miss Monica Tate, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Duncan-Hughes

Sport and General

The coaches moving off at the opening meet of the Coaching Club, which was held at the Magazine, in Hyde Park. After a tour of the park, they proceeded to Ranelagh, where Sir George Hastings entertained the members and their friends to luncheon before they returned to Town

WITH the FOUR-IN-HANDS in HYDE PARK

L.N.A.

Mr Sidney Allen, who drove four well-matched bays. His passengers included Mrs. Sidney Allen, Lord Daresbury, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. R. Warren, Mr. D. Stewart and Miss Stewart

L.N.A.

Sir Leonard Powell arriving with his party. Among others with him were Lord Wavertree, Sir Peter Farquhar, M.F.H., Major and Mrs. Fowle, and Mr. Edward Short, the Film Censor

Topical

The coaches bowling along past the Serpentine towards Alexandra Gate, en route for Ranelagh. Lord Desborough, the President of the Club, which is the only four-in-hand driving association now surviving in this country, was present at the Magazine in Hyde Park to greet the members at the opening meet

England v. The Rest at Lords. A magnificent catch by A. P. F. Chapman, England's captain, who fielded brilliantly, which dismissed G. T. S. Stevens, who had only just broken his duck. Tate was the bowler

Another fine catch by A. P. F. Chapman, who knocked up the ball and held it, though falling. Hopwood was the unlucky batsman and R. W. V. Robins, who took four good wickets, the bowler

Photographs

M. J. C. Allom, the Surrey fast bowler, playing for the Rest. His going-away ball gave the redoubtable Sutcliffe but a very short life in the first innings

THE VETERANS ON TOP

THE Selection Committee's choice of an England Team to play The Rest at Lord's in order to decide the eleven to play against the Australians in the first test match at Nottingham was fully justified. They relied on a veterans' team, and the veterans did not let them down. There were some doubts as to the fielding ability of the English team, but these proved to be unwarranted, for, inspired by A. P. F. Chapman's enthusiasm, hardly one catch was missed, nor one run given away.

R. W. V. ROBINS, the only newcomer to the side, fully justified his selection to play for England, and caused more trouble to the batsmen than any other bowler. His break and speed from the pitch on a lifeless wicket were notable incidents in the first day's play.

Sport and General

Duckworth, by his brilliant wicket keeping, made his place in the test matches secure, and recalled such famous keepers as Pilling, Blackham, MacGregor and Strudwick

BY BATEMAN

"I DON'T WANT HIM, MY DEAR—YOU BUY HIM"

AT THE PLAY

CHEAP PRICES FOR PACIFIST

Sketches of "Moloch," at the Strand Theatre, by H. H. HARRIS

"MOLOCH" MELANCHOLIA

Mrs. Morris (Mary Clare) comforting her son Ted (Cecil Landeau) home on leave. Both evidently suffering from an attack of Tear Gas

INSTANCED the Dominion Theatre as a case where popular prices—combined with comfort—had been sucessfully inaugurated. I might have added the Winter Garden where *The House That Jack Built* took on a new lease of popularity, with prices to match, when the Adelphi Theatre was being rebuilt—but not by Jack.

Mary Morris (Cecily Bryne) a war widow about to marry William Bromley (Cyril Raymond), somewhat overcome by one of those wedding presents whose use is problematical

Lily Greaves (Nadine March) presenting, doubtless with the best of motives, a white feather to Dick Morris (Carl Harbord) during the course of the very next war

ALTHOUGH the main portion of the action is supposed to be in the present day, *Moloch* is essentially a war play, and an extremely bad specimen of its class. A war widow, Mary Morris (Cecily Byrne), living with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Morris (Mary Clare), gets engaged to William Bromley (Cyril Raymond), and on the day of their marriage Mrs. Morris, feeling upset, being still devotedly attached to the memory of her dead son, does not attend the ceremony, but dreams a dream instead.

THIS dream shows how her son Ted (Cecil Landeau) —killed later in the War—returns on leave with the intention of marrying Mary forthwith, and though pretending to his mother that all is for the best in the best possible of war worlds, finally blurts out his real feelings. He becomes, in fact, quite hysterical and is hardly helped by a loving parent to be a man.

THE mother, awakened by the return of her daughter-in-law from the church, complete with new husband, cries out in agonised tones: "Where's Ted?" an enquiry which must have been embarrassing to the newly-married pair, and a singularly ineffective curtain to the second Act.

"Hamlet" at the Queen's Theatre

YOUNG John Gielgud has "got away with it" as Hamlet at the Queen's Theatre, where the Old Vic production of Shakespeare's play has been staged. Here I quote some of the remarks which have been employed in print to describe his performance: "Brilliant," "splendid," "the best Hamlet of his generation," "finest pieces of Shakespearean acting ever seen," "subtle," "vigorous," "imaginative," "tender," "full of the right kind of ironic humour," "elegance of body," "elevation of mind," "beautiful diction."

NOW as this leaves little else to be said, all I will add is that Manager Maurice Browne has done a far, far better thing in showing the West End this young English actor's Hamlet than in starring in another Shakespearean play at the Savoy an actor who is not English and nothing like so suited to the part.

"Moloch" at the Strand Theatre

A FORTNIGHT ago I suggested that if in these days of keen competition, combined with depression, the theatres hoped to hold their own against the talking films, it would be essential that charges for admission should be reduced.

SINCE then two other West End theatres have reduced their charges, and cheap seats are available at the Duchess Theatre, where *The Plough and the Stars* has been staged by the Irish Players, and which I shall deal with next week. Also it may be recorded that the Strand Theatre stalls and dress circle are priced at 8*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* 9*d.*, upper circle at 3*s.* 6*d.* (bookable), pit at 2*s.* 4*d.*, and gallery at 1*s.* 2*d.*, all inclusive of tax. These examples show which way the wind—the wind of adversity—is blowing, and I feel sure that other theatres will soon follow suit.

BUT cheapness is of no avail unless the play is a good one and provides entertainment. At the Strand Theatre these cheap prices have synchronised with a very cheap play, where *Moloch* —previously called *Every Mother's Son*—by Winifred and John L. Carter has been presented by Robert W. Fenn.

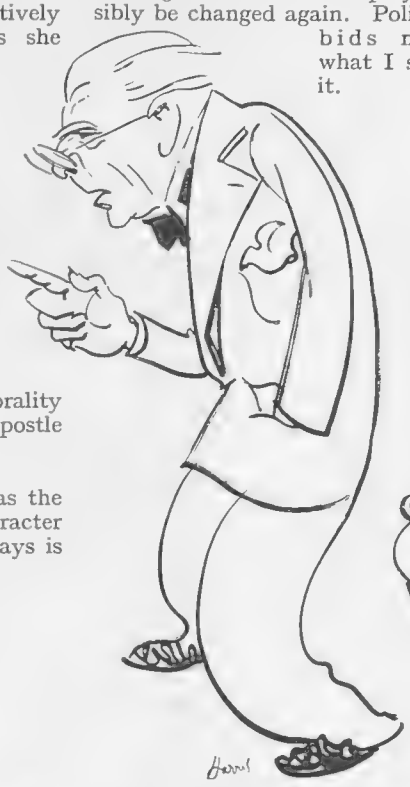
PIFFLE By Vernon Woodhouse

THE last Act takes place in the future, when there is another war on, and to prevent her younger son—the only one left her—from actively participating in the proceedings she proceeds to poison him! A sort of action which would endear any son to any mother!

I AM sure that the authors wrote this play with the best intentions. They were evidently under the impression that their work would promote the cause of everlasting peace, but propaganda of this sort to be effective must also interest the public, and I cannot see a large number of playgoers finding the slightest appeal in a play in which the muddled morality makes a murderess of the chief apostle ot peace.

THE details also are as futile as the broad outline. One character asserts that every country nowadays is spending more on guns and armaments than ever before, while another asserts that we want a Mrs. Pankhurst nowadays to preach the doctrine of no more war, forgetful of the fact that she, as her life shows, was one of the most militant of her sex and an apostle of force! Not only an apostle, but a successful apostle!

AMONG the others in a cast who have my sincere sympathy were Margaret Yarde (comic), Lewis Casson (a German chemist engaged in inventing poison gases in England), Nadine March (a young woman with a firm determination to get married). The action is supposed to take place in a provincial town, but this did not prevent the latter from speaking in an accent of the extreme Cockney variety! Thanks to legal proceedings the title of this play may possibly be changed again. Politeness forbids my saying what I should call it. V. W.



Professor Zeigher (Lewis Casson), a German chemist employed by an English firm to prepare a poison gas exceedingly unpleasant for humanity

Mrs. Greaves (Margaret Yarde) who provides comic relief by declaring war on her own account

Herr Alexander Moissi, the famous German tragedian who, after appearing—as seen above—in Tolstoy's "The Living Corpse" at the Globe Theatre, is giving an audience a chance of comparing his Hamlet with this part as lately played by Henry Ainley and that of John Gielgud, his next door neighbour at the Queen's Theatre, where the old Vic company are having a West End season

If Gossip We Must.

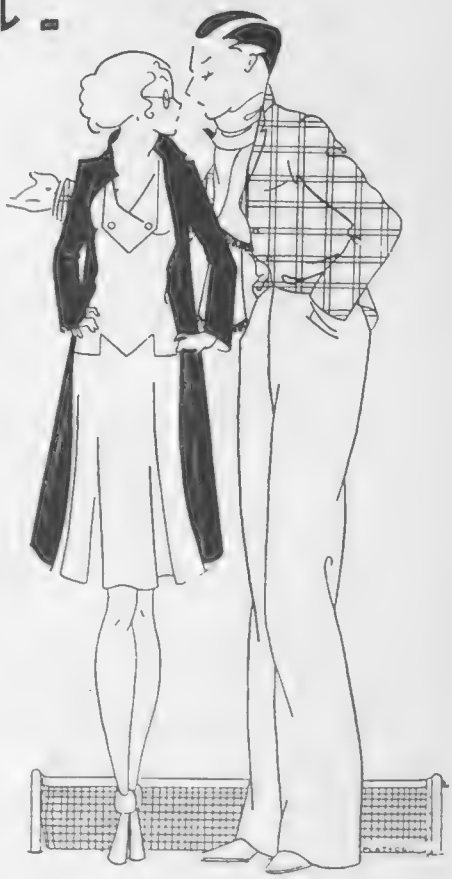
HARRY JOLSON

One of America's most popular black-faced comedians, who made his first professional appearance in this country recently at the London Coliseum, burlesques grand opera. He is the brother of Al Jolson, a talkie star not unconnected with "sob stuff" and Sonny Boys

WE are told times without number that youth must have its fling. What it is that youth is supposed to fling I know not. But if it is ink, youth has been flinging a lot of that lately. The youth of fifteen years ago—now getting on the dyspeptic side of forty, what is left of it—was too busy, for the most part, with rather more important things than writing about itself. Now every precious youth with an itch to scribble tells us what it is like to be twenty-five, as if there were some particular merit in having achieved that age.

Every paper contains remarks by young men and women about the stupidity of a war they knew nothing about (I can't say that they are altogether wrong there), and how ridiculous their elders are and how ugly the Albert Hall is, and all manner of stale and superficial criticism of a similar type. Different ages are encouraged to wage wordy warfare on each other, just as the three sexes in this London of 1930 criticise each other ad nauseam. When will it be realised that wisdom and the lack of it have no more to do with how old a man or woman is than have decency and the lack of it?

ONE sign of the independence of youth in the Proletariat is for children at board schools to come out on strike when they have an unpopular teacher, or have to walk too far, or are dissatisfied with the free food they receive. In these escapades their parents usually encourage them instead of spanking them. Can it be that the youths at Harrow who protested against the discipline of the school O.T.C. caught the idea in this fashion?



BY PLATFORD

"If you hadn't served all those doubles during the set we'd have won!"

"If you hadn't been served with all those doubles before the set we wouldn't have lost!"

FAY COMPTON

Who plays the exhausting part of Madelaine Cary in "Dishonoured Lady" at the Playhouse. This new portrait by Dorothy Wilding gives full effect to her perfectly modelled features, which have often been compared with the goddesses of the Greeks

IF so, what do Mr. Baldwin, Sir Gerald du Maurier, Mr. Winston Churchill, and the ghost of Lord Byron think of boys of their old school going on strike? And all the pother was about there being two parades a week (of one hour each) instead of one! This was described by the bright lad who wrote that letter as "military torture"—a superb example of talking through a broad-brimmed straw hat.

By Bertram Prance

"He's nothing more than a mere philanderer. Been six years trying to pinch my wife, the useless blighter!"

CADET CORPS and other such institutions for the male yet in the stage of croaking voice and pimples are not intended primarily to be militaristic. (With only two parades a week I hardly see how they could be.) They are there for disciplinary reasons, and all boys need discipline even Harrovians. The only person who is likely to be pleased as Punch over a stranger story of "the Hill" than Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell ever wrote is Mr. Tom Shaw, Secretary for War. For Mr. Shaw has thus received strong support in his campaign against cadet corps (by withdrawing War Office sanction from them) in the last quarter—a great Public School—where he might have expected to find allies.

S

WITH easy grace one turns to the consideration of another apostle of revolt who is also on the young side. I refer to Mr. W. J. Brown, Socialist M.P. for Wolverhampton. In the course of the trouble in India, which Mr. Brown, of course, welcomes heartily, a certain gallant gentleman, Mr. D. B. Murphy, a Public Schoolboy from Westminster (not Harrow), lost his life while doing his duty as a Superintendent of Police. Incidentally, two years before he had been awarded the King's Medal for rescuing an Indian boy from a burning building. A mob of "Redshirts" stoned him to death. Mr. Brown, in the House of Commons, declared that Mr. Murphy had merely been "carrying on the dirty work of British Imperialism."

S

THAT Mr. Brown prefers the dirty work of Moscow Imperialism I am not surprised. He is a Left Wing Labour man—very Left. He went on a trip to Russia last year and wrote

THE BARD AND THE "BOARDS"

NO. 6.—FRIENDS IN FRONT

CHEER, boys, cheer!
(That's what we are present for)
Cheer, boys, cheer!
Raise aloft the loud encore,
Though the plot is quite absurd
And it's bound to get the "bird"
We will keep our solemn word
To cheer, boys, cheer!

Cheer, boys, cheer!
(That's why we've been given stalls),
Cheer, boys, cheer!
As the final curtain falls;
Though the critics all will say
It's a dull and stupid play,
We've a duty we must pay,
So cheer, boys, cheer!

Cheer, boys, cheer!
(Labourers must earn their hire),
Cheer, boys, cheer!
Though the show is simply dire,
And no matter though we know
That the play can't hope to go—
"Hip hurrah! Encore! Bravo!"—
Come, cheer, boys, cheer!

B. W.

OLIVE BLAKENEY F. Davis

The clever young actress who has returned to take up her part in "The Middle Watch." This amusing naval play is still going great guns at the Shaftesbury Theatre

MUSIC—BRITISH AND FOREIGN

Raphael

MME. ALICE NIKITINA

The world-famed dancer as she appears in C. B. Cochran's 1930 Revue. This is still playing to crowded houses at the London Pavilion

about it, advocating Sovietism for this country, and declaring that everything he found in that land of horror and tyranny was perfect and lovely. I think his opinions are wrong and detestable. But he has just as much right to them as I have to mine.

What is a matter of deeper import is that Mr. Brown happens, in addition to being the representative of some misguided electors at Wolverhampton, to be the paid secretary of the Civil Service Clerical Association—a Trade Union within the Civil Service comprising some 20,000-25,000 members, many of them responsible clerks, etc. If he could assert complete control of his union, as is likely, at a time of national peril, he could, if he wished, go far towards paralysing the whole State. Possibly Mr. Brown's friends will say that this is very far-fetched and that he could never contemplate such a course. To which I reply that in 1926, at the time of the General Strike, Mr. Brown not only *did* contemplate it, but actually issued ca' canny instructions to the people he leads.

We hear so much of American jazz bands and foreign non-jazz bands—the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, the Amsterdam Philharmonic Orchestra, and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra have all visited London this season and have been given a far more rapturous reception than has ever been allotted to our own British Royal Philharmonic Orchestra—that I was delighted to hear over an informal lunch at the Savoy from Jack Hylton of his success with his British jazz band in 47 European cities. Jack Hylton is a little plumper than when I first met him, but he still preserves a North Country accent and an innate modesty. So modest is he, in fact, that in the middle of a little speech he was called upon to make about his exploits he said, "Do you mind if I say the rest sitting down? I feel just awful standing up here!"

I liked his story of the bandsman who overslept himself and caught the train clad only in his pyjamas; and of another bandsman who found himself in the

By Bertram Prance

Racecourse Tough: "Bli'me, I've 'ad a most wonderful day, I simply couldn't do nothink wrong"

CARDIFF

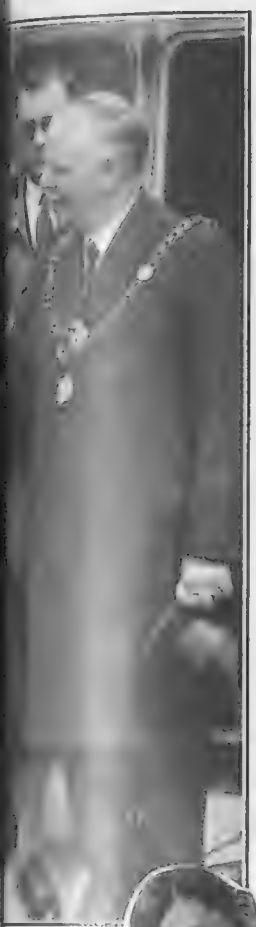
Lord Lon... sporting ... the Lord M... arrival fo... Jimmy W... boxer...

Joan Craven

MISS OLIVE GROVES

Who plays the part of Polly in "The Beggar's Opera," now running at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. Her beautiful voice and charm have won her high praise in the part

THE FILMS AND THE STAGE



Topical
PORTS WEEK
England's premier
ing received by
f Cardiff on
arls went
he famous lift
n the centre

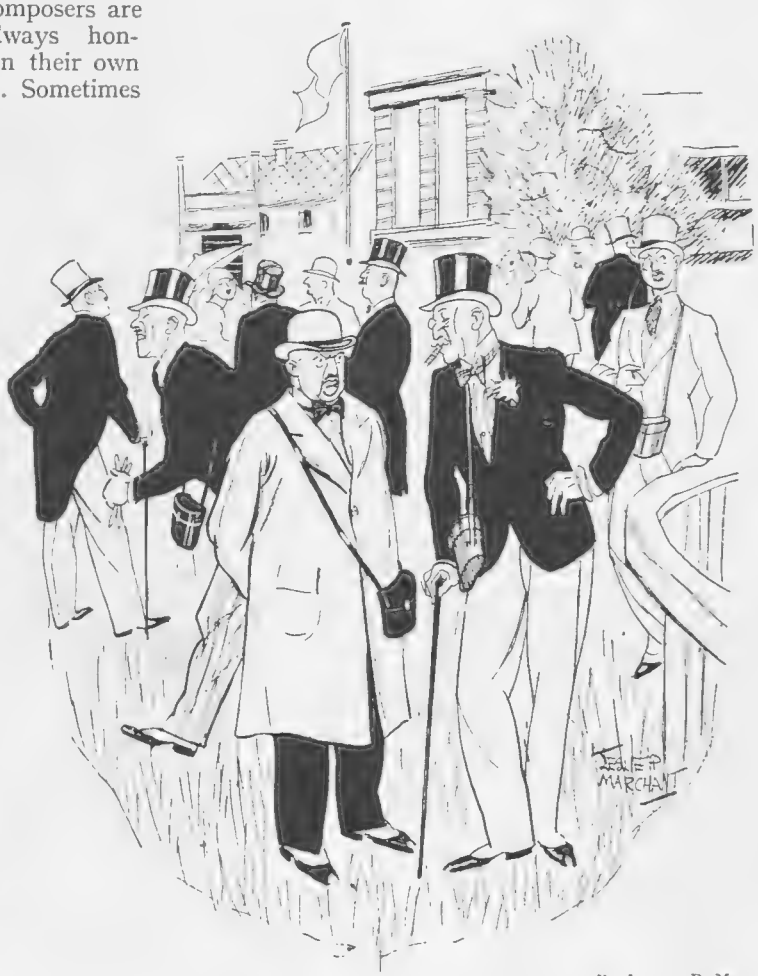
Press Pictures

THE CHURCH MILITANT

The Bishop of Chelmsford preparing to bat during a match when he captained a cricket team against the Loughton police at Loughton, Essex. The occasion gave the local constabulary an excellent opportunity of showing their catching abilities!

wrong part of the train, got out at the next station, hired an aeroplane, and arrived at the concert two hours before the rest of the orchestra. Jack himself lost nothing during that long trip of 9,000 miles except a box of cigars, on which he had paid duty twice over, so probably even that was an investment. Of all the cities he visited he preferred Stockholm, and he was amazed at the way, when he was given a banquet in Germany, which was a good many times, the tables were always decorated with the Union Jack. I fancy that even a jazz band can play a useful ambassadorial part at times in addition to the everlasting "blews."

OUR own jazz composers are not always honoured in their own country. Sometimes this does them good. One of these, whose head has swollen with good luck and a certain degree of social success, was at the Savoy the other night with a party that included Royalty. He walked up to the band and asked them to play some tunes he has contributed to a revue now running in the West End. They replied, quite truthfully, that they had never heard of the tunes—or of him.



By Leslie P. Marchant

"What did the Tote return on your horse?"
"Nothing, it kept the lot"

THE theatrical slump has been, and still is, a very real and disastrous thing. High prices, no pit and gallery, and the long, light evenings of summer-time are the main causes of it. The first two can be remedied; the last cannot. But why is it that theatrical failures and slumps are so much emphasised and corresponding disasters in the film world are not? It seems hardly fair. So let me state here and now that no film has ever run as long as a really successful play; that Greta Garbo's first "talkie" at the Empire was very short-lived and a failure generally, and that the "Journey's End" film, which was expected to run for years, ran for only a few weeks, and did not achieve a one hundredth part of the success of *Journey's End*, the play, which is still going strong in many different countries.

People who are so fond of declaring that the "talkies" have put the lid on the theatres once and for all are apt to forget little instances like this. Where the films will always excel is in the elaborate detail and, often, the genuine beauty of their production. In fact, I have heard the average film producer most aptly described as "a man who knows what he wants but can't spell it."

CELEBRITIES DISGUISED

No. 11

No. 63. ONE ACTOR and—

No. 64.
AN ARISTOCRATIC SPORTSMAN

No. 65. —ANOTHER

No. 66. A COMEDY ACTRESS

The 15.7 h.p. Six-cylinder Four-door Saloon Rover Car which is our First Prize

No. 67.
WELL KNOWN IN "THE STREET"

FOR YOUR GUIDANCE

All you need to do is to use your knowledge of the celebrities depicted on this page and then write down their names, as you believe them to be, on the coupon which, together with the rules, will be found on cover ii. There is no entrance fee and the rules are of the simplest.

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"THE BYSTANDER" SIMPLE COMPETITION FOR BIG PRIZES.

Can You Identify these famous people?

FIRST PRIZE:

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No. 68.
SEEN IN MUSICAL COMEDY

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This is our eleventh list: there is only one more! Keep it until the closing date is announced

By JOHN GORDGE

MAC: "*Mon, the English are rotten at golf, rotten at sport altogether—they can't even win a race*"
JONES: "*There's one race they couldn't lose if they tried*"
MAC: "*An' what's that?*"
JONES: "*The Scottish!*"

A STRANGE THEATRICAL COINCIDENCE

The original production of "Liberty Hall" at the St. James's Theatre: Mr. H. H. Vincent in the character of Mr. J. Brigenshaw, the first creator of the part

Stage Photo Co.

The revival of "Liberty Hall" at the Kingsway Theatre, showing the resemblance in "make-up" of Mr. George Merritt, now playing the same part

The original production of "Liberty Hall." Left to right: Mr. Owen (George Alexander), Blanche Chilworth (Marion Terry), Amy Chilworth (Maude Millett), and Mr. Todman (Edward Righton)

Stage Photo Co.

A scene from the revival of "Liberty Hall" at the Kingsway Theatre. Left to right: Mr. Owen (Deering Wells), Blanche Chilworth (Joan Maude), Amy Chilworth (Joyce Moore), and Mr. Todman (Laurence Hanray) in the same scene as that shown above. The resemblance between the grouping of these two productions is extraordinary

"LIBERTY HALL," revived at the Kingsway Theatre was recently produced under the direction of Mr. D. A. Clarke Smith, who never saw the original production, which took place at the St. James's Theatre on December 3rd, 1892. In consequence, he had to rely on his own ideas rather than attempting to copy the previous performance.

AFTER the play had been running for some days, photographs of the original company were secured from Mr. Alfred Ellis, two of which are reproduced above, and if these are compared with the photographs of the present revival, also seen on this page, it will be noticed how, by pure coincidence, Mr. D. A. Clarke Smith has unintentionally copied, with almost absolute fidelity, both the grouping and the "make-up" employed at the St. James's Theatre thirty-eight years ago.

If ever there was a case of great minds thinking alike this is one.

SHAKESPEARE at the SAVOY THEATRE

Photos Stage Photo Co.

A scene from the much-discussed production of "Othello," showing Iago (Maurice Browne) in the foreground, Emilia (Sybil Thorndike) on the floor by the bed, Desdemona (Peggy Ashcroft) on the bed, and Othello (Paul Robeson) about to kill himself. Inset, Iago (Maurice Browne) poisoning the mind of Othello (Paul Robeson)

FILM NOTES

War Realism Comes to the

By Lionel Collier

After reading Erich Remarque's notable War book I felt that it would be almost impossible to screen it adequately. Its introspective qualities, which mark a strict division between the German and British mentalities, were so insistent, and its grim, harrowing details seemed incapable of sincere reproduction. In achieving a faithful presentation, both of the spirit and incidents of the book, Lewis Milestone has produced a masterpiece. It is the greatest indictment of war that has been filmed. According to present plans it will be seen simultaneously at the Regal and the Alhambra.

A striking scene of the realism imparted into the war scenes by Lewis Milestone, the has been blown to bits, may be seen. This incident is grimly

Lassalle

Miss Adrianne Allen is beautiful, and has a delightful voice. She has made a great success of the part of a cynical girl friend in her first talkie, "Loose Ends"

Sweeping war panoramas of trench and hospital life, together with scenes of attacks and counter-attacks, bring the spectator vividly to realise what war actually is. The technique is superb and one lives again in a shell-torn world and feels again its overwhelming futility. I was afraid that the American accents of the players would almost entirely destroy conviction, and I think they would have done so except for the fact that the whole epic is so wonderfully planned and presented. It is possible after the first few moments to forget that the voices sound strange to the ear. Perhaps one reason is that the trials of the youths, urged on by the hot-headed patriotism of a schoolmaster to sacrifice their all for their country, are so true, not only of Germany, but of England and France, that one does not necessarily think of them as German boys caught in a world maëlstrom.

On the other hand, there is always that difference, that introspection and lack of the faculty of concealing deep feelings with a laugh, which is found amongst our own troops. True, there are light incidents, and they seem lighter than they did in the book, but they are not of an English quality.

Stark horror, grim and unrelieved, flashes over the screen. There has been no attempt to gloss over the slaughter or the sufferings in hospital. They are presented with a passion of realism that is a lesson to a future generation rather than entertainment. As young Paul, who is the leader of these war-enthused youths, Lewis Ayres is excellent. As a hard-bitten corporal Louis Wolheim gives perhaps the best individual performance, but there are many character studies by such artistes as Beryl Mercer and John Wray which live and make the picture as great as it is.

The faults are a tendency to over-emphasise some of the hysteria. For instance, scenes in a dug-out which is in danger of collapsing is over-prolonged, while a hospital scene in which one of the youths dies and is prayed for by his friend strikes a theatrical note. He might have prayed silently, but to hear this intimate passion of grief does not ring true. These, however, are isolated incidents and do not mar the effect of the whole, which, I think, will be remembered amongst the screen's greatest achievements, both of spectacular effect and vivid characterisation.

Having induced John McCormack to appear in pictures, the producers of "Song o' My Heart" appear to have thought that they had done enough. At any rate, except for those

Maureen O'Sullivan makes an attractive Eileen in "Song picture, now at the

SCREEN

director. On the right the hands of a French soldier, who described in Remarque's book

who appreciate the qualities of the ngs associated with the tenor's performance and a few bright Irishisms, ere is little in this picture. It presents McCormack as a sort of Irish Al lson; indeed, one of the songs he gs, "Little Boy Blue," complete th pictorial description, could well be nsposed for the King of Sobstuff.

THE action, full of sentimental superficialities about an Irish tenor who makes good in America and who also has had a rather vague broken romance in his "home town," simply forms a background for John McCormack to sing eleven songs. As a matter of fact, he screens well, and since he is not called on to act to any extent, all is well. All the real acting comes from J. M. Kerrigan and Farrell MacDonald, who indulge in typical Irish backchat very successfully. For me they formed oases in a waste of sugar-coated sentiment.

OF the two Irish children, who were specially collected from Ireland, the boy, Tommy Clifford, promises well. The girl, Maureen O'Sullivan, is elfinly pretty, but has a lot to learn yet. Alice Joyce plays the female half of the tenor's broken romance, the details of which are veiled in mystery. She languishes well and dies while her lover is achieving success in America. We have a truly Griffith-like shot of her in a chair by a tree which is sympathetically shedding its leaves as in her fancy she hears him singing.

PERSONALLY, I found eleven songs of the ballad type overpowering, and would have preferred to hear John McCormack sing two or three in a short film and then have seen a picture with a story. The picture marks the temporary secession of the Prince Edward Theatre from stage plays to talkies.

BETTY BALFOUR has done well in returning to the Cockney type with which she was so successful in the "Squibs" series. "The Brat" provides bright entertainment, not so much because of Louis Mercanton's production, which is weak in parts, but because of the Cockney repartee and characters. Betty herself works hard, sings three or four songs, and gives one or two burlesques, which she knows how to do so well.

L. C.

o' My Heart," John McCormack's first talking and singing Prince Edward Theatre

Above. Sergeant Himmelstoss, in the background, having been weeded out of his "cushy" job at home, arrives as cocksure and bullying as ever at the front. He is suitably greeted by the recruits he victimised. Below. Katczinsky, brilliantly acted by Louis Wolheim, tends Paul (Lewis Ayres) for a "Blighty" one in a shell hole

THE HON. MRS. JOHN RUSSELL.

Janet Jevons

The Hon. Mrs. John Russell is perhaps better known to the world as Christabel Russell, and to our women readers especially as a successful dress designer, whose shop in Curzon Street is the mecca of so many fashionable women. Mrs. Russell is an example of the modern woman who moves with the times, and her shop is at the moment being renovated in the most modern style. In this recent portrait she is wearing one of her latest creations in 'Celanese' Taffeta.

A summer dress of voile, printed in soft shades, with a separate capelet edged with the deep fringe which fashionably adorns our formal frocks this year *Model Maggy Rouff*

FASHION IN SUMMER MOOD

By Blanche B. Elliott

THE French have a saying, "Dans la vie il faut être philosophe," and one might well extend this attitude towards the vagaries of La Mode; for La Mode reflects life—that is, the feminine portion of it. Amongst those of us who think at all there is always a secret straining towards the beautiful and the ideal, half-unconscious though the effort may be. Dress is one way of attaining it.

EACH of Fashion's eccentricities, when regarded philosophically, will be seen to have brought some advantage in its train. The much-criticised and now lamented short skirt showed so much of what had been wont to be referred to as "limbs" that their shortcomings became woefully apparent. They improved miraculously. Legs suddenly became slimmer and straighter. There was a new alertness in the walk. Better shoes were worn, and in came the silk stockings for universal wear. Now we have achieved presentable legs we cover them with the long skirts and proceed to bare our backs. More self-criticism and massage!

THE cult of the slim figure has brought with it the need for regular exercise, careful diet, with a care of the body and a return to deportment, while never, surely, was more time and money spent as now on the shingled head. Gone is the complicated dressing of long tresses to be worn "up" till evening, and even till bedtime. Gone are the little pads and additions flippantly referred to as "birds'-nests"—gone, let us hope, for ever. Many *are*, of course, growing their hair, but it is longer rather than long, and resolves itself into little curls round the neck, added or natural, and is always kept close to the outline of the head, otherwise it complicates very seriously the wearing of the close-fitting hat, and it is in this that the chief objection to the adoption of long hair lies. In the States they are adopting longer hair and skirts than

An afternoon dress in chiffon printed in beige, green and red, with a little cape attached to the shoulders. Slightly gathered at the waistline, the rounded panels descend a little lower at each side of the skirt. Model Lucien Lelong
Sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

either Paris or London, but they will revert to Paris, as America always does.

ANOTHER advantage of the cult of slimness has been the discard of all but the most necessary garments, and even our ideas of what *is* necessary have been revised. This engenders an increased hardiness in woman, who allows her body to breathe more healthily—an attitude that man might well emulate. Clad as he is in really ridiculously unbecoming garments, he lacks courage to put aside his stiff collar and heavy, dark, hot clothes—even in the summer—yet *we* don't pester him about it; merely pity him, poor thing! for being so conservative. Yet woman, on the other hand, is never praised for her enterprise, but merely unceasingly lectured! But I won't be drawn into a sex controversy.

IN the summer, and particularly, perhaps, *this* summer, does woman have much the best of it. She is gossamer clad in floating frills and crowned with wide shady hats. For the plage and country wear there are adorable shantungs and printed cottons. For the garden party printed chiffon is the first choice, but why neglect voile so utterly? Speaking of cottons, as we all have been doing so much, why not wear more voile? There is no material like it for wear in the East, where so many Englishwomen spend many years of their lives. It lends itself admirably to the mode of fluffy frills, and is procurable in gauze-like qualities printed in charming designs. It can be made on the model of any chiffon frock, and can be guaranteed (in the best kinds) to wash and wear admirably. Anyone going to the East should include at least half a dozen little dresses over separate coloured slips for morning, or even garden-party wear. The model illustrated is created by Maggy Rouff, and shows just how charming it can look.

Patou has chosen black and white silk printed in a gold lamé dot to create this delightful frock and cape-coat, skilfully contrasting the black and white effect *Model Jean Patou*

JUNE is the month when garden parties are at their height, and with smart race meetings, and polo at the garden clubs of Ranelagh, Roehampton, and Hurlingham, there is plenty of occasion to wear them to advantage. Their inevitable accompaniment is the small wrap in the shape of a cape, bolero or coatee, often sleeveless, and in these there is great charm and variety. Sometimes they are worn over a sleeveless gown which can be converted to a dinner gown should one stay on for dinner. The straight scarf is entirely ousted for dress wear, and, one might say, very fortunately so. One has seen it so often huddled round the neck of an otherwise presentable frock and clutched spasmodically by its wearer as though for help. I have seen it ruin more outfits than I can remember. In its place has come the dainty shaped little capelet or coatee above mentioned.

THE scarf remains, but is worn chiefly with the sports costume in brightly contrasting colours to match bag, hat or shoes. Many houses use it in engaging ways to thread through the collar of a coat or drape it one-sided fashion, notably Maggy Rouff. This house also uses initials embroidered in colours and places them rather quaintly at the elbow. Patou uses a dotted handkerchief scarf with wide hat to match. The large handkerchief shoulder scarf is the newest wear, and a collection of these in vivid colours accompany little morning or sports frocks.

THIS year's yachting season should see how far the new vogue for the flannel pyjama suit will be taken up. Eminently practical for racing or motor boat wear, it still requires some daring to adopt. Patou's dashing little white flannel suit with trousers and double-breasted coat was the nicest of its kind shown.

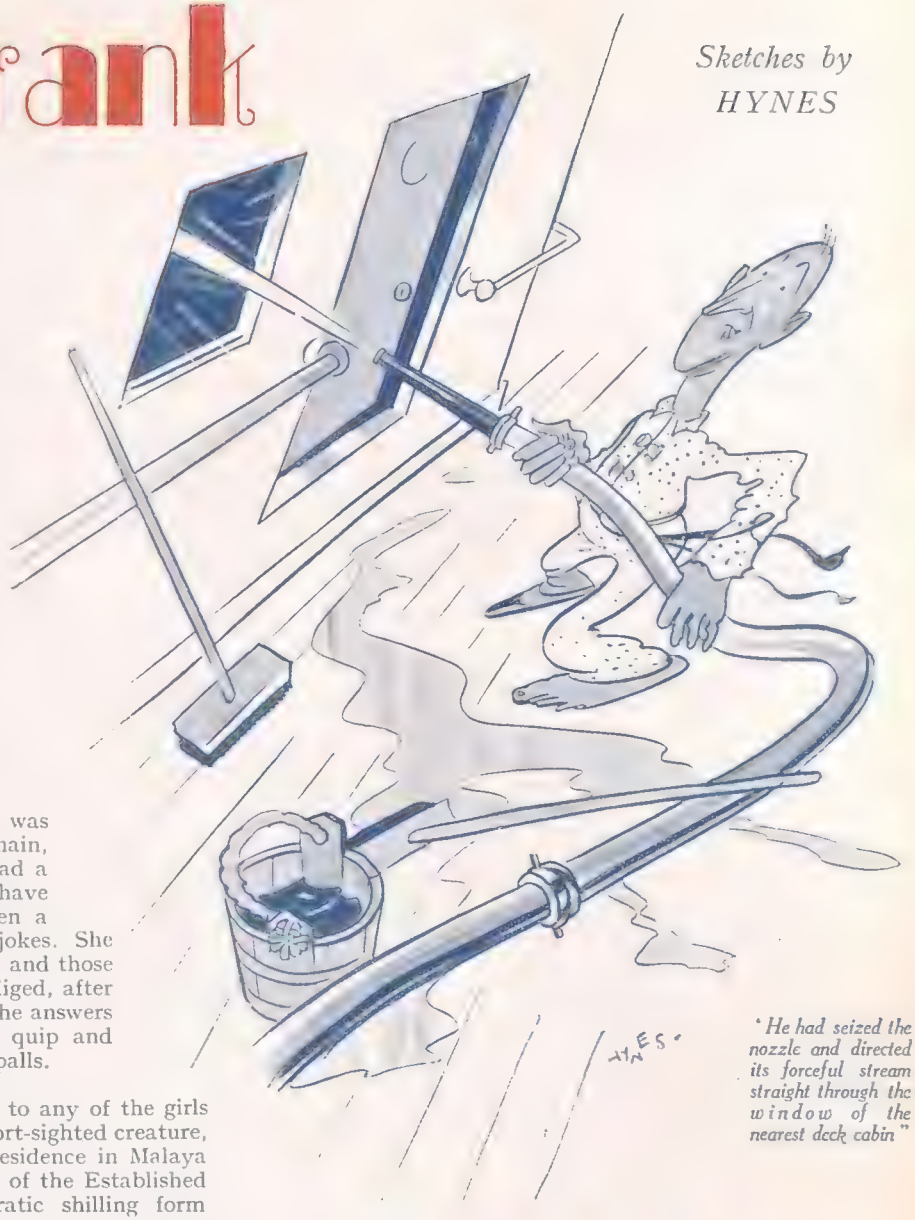
"MUSIC HATH CHARMS . . ."

BY S. C. MARTIN

LOVERS' LANE

The Prank

Sketches by HYNES



"He had seized the nozzle and directed its forceful stream straight through the window of the nearest deck cabin"

BY

Stella Benson

IT was so beautifully cool in the very early morning that Mr. Dunder acquired the habit of waking with the young light and walking about the wet-washed deck in his pyjamas and bare feet. To-day, being on deck before the invasion of deckwashers, he discovered that there was another passenger even more matutinal than himself. His rival was a young woman, and she drooped forlornly against the rail, looking thirstily at the streaked dawn. When he approached more closely he saw that it was only Miss Foss. Poor Miss Foss, a pretty, flushed, plump young girl—apparently the kind of girl who is known as Jolly; apparently the kind that Gives Back as Good as She Gets to young third officers; apparently the kind that, easily alarmed, despised and withdrew from the mincing, precise Mr. Dunder. Apparently, but not actually. For in this instance the withdrawal was on Mr. Dunder's side. The poor girl was cut off from the world by a shocking stammer. Her essential jollity was completely thwarted—cut off at the main, as it were. No third officer had ever had a chance to laugh at the jokes she might have made. Inside her there must have been a perfect turmoil of fermented, repressed jokes. She expressed herself only in explosive hisses, and those who dared to converse with her were obliged, after a nervous, polite pause, to utter for her the answers to their own questions, to supply both quip and repartee themselves—a duty that always palls.

MR. DUNDER had not dared to speak to any of the girls in the ship. He was a thin, shy, short-sighted creature, forty-eight years old, numbed by long residence in Malaya with no recreation but to read the words of the Established Great as they came out in a democratic shilling form labelled the "Mustardseed Library." Now, when he saw Miss Foss airing her rough, sleepy curls in the romantic cool dawn wind, he thought, "If it had been any other girl—or even if this girl could speak—it might have been rather a romantic moment." However, there it was—just his luck—it was only Miss Foss.

The regiment of deckwashers suddenly crowded the deck. A barrage of writhing waters sprang from their artillery of hoses. Mr. Dunder turned up his pyjama trousers and stood firm in a doorway, enjoying the fierce cool snarl of the water. Miss Foss, perched on the high threshold of her deck-cabin door, watched with her plump, thirsty smile that never could explain itself.

A perfect chime of "Hi, hi's" and "Ho, ho's" suddenly pealed from the detachment of washers at the far end of the deck; something had interested the ingenuous creatures—a cockroach—a distant whale—a little mechanical predicament. At any rate, there were all the sailors at the far end of the deck. Miss Foss looked naïvely after them. Mr. Dunder, standing bare-legged in the urgent torrent of water that spewed from the nozzle of the nearest hose-pipe, suddenly gave way to a wholly senseless impulse. Before he could dispute the matter with himself, he had seized the nozzle and directed its forceful stream straight through the window of the nearest deck-cabin. There was a frightful silence in the cabin while one might draw a breath, and then the squealing began—wild squealing—squeal upon squeal. Mr. Dunder's whole body turned to ice as he dropped the hose and sprang backwards through the doorway. He fled to his cabin, almost crying with horror. What in the world had possessed him to do such an incredible, irrevocable thing? Not *possessed* him, really, for there was no hospitality, no open door at all in his nature for such an idiotic prank. He sat on his bunk and looked at his hands—they were mad, surely, yet how was he to disown them? If someone had seen him—if that Miss Foss had seen him. . . . He could hear the squealing still going on, and the sound of stewards running. He jumped into bed, trembling, and rang for the steward.

"What's that squealing?"

"It's the lady in Number Ten, sir. Someone turned the hose on her through the window."

"Who?"

"There's no saying that, sir. Must have been some young gentleman's joke. Her heart's weak, and she's all of a dither. Going to complain to the captain, she says."

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THE MAN WHO WORE A

BY [illegible]

NIGHTSHIRT ON THE LIDO

"You naughty—naughty—naughty gal" he said in a portentous voice

MR. DUNDER'S teeth chattered. Miss Foss *must* have seen him. She was quite close by when it happened. He began to dress himself. He cut himself badly while shaving. His hand trembled so—well, it was a mad hand. His cut chin bled so persistently that he decided to give time to its staunching and go down very late to breakfast. His allotted seat was at the captain's table, and he hoped that the captain would by now have breakfasted and gone. Supposing the captain already knew of the attack on Number Ten! What a fool—that Number Ten woman—making such a fuss—getting respectable civil servants into trouble. So Mr. Dunder, perspiring coldly, went down cautiously late to breakfast. The captain was late, too. He sat looking annoyed.

"Perhaps you can help me, Mr. Dunder," said the captain. "I hear you were on deck early. It seems someone got hold of the hose while the men's backs were turned and shot a lot of water in at one of the deck-cabin windows. The doctor says it might have had serious consequences—lady passenger with a weak heart. Did you see any larky young fool sneaking about on deck?"

With the same horrifying unaccountability as his hands had shown when they went mad that morning, Mr. Dunder's tongue went wily. "Yes, captain, I saw Miss Foss," he said; and he said it in just the right terse, unwilling voice—the voice of a chivalrous man reluctant to get a young girl into trouble.

"You mean you saw—well . . . *that* girl? I always said she *looked* a jolly bouncing piece, up to any mischief—but she *behaved* as though butter wouldn't melt. . . . Miss Foss. . . . Well—I'm . . ."

"What in heaven's name is the matter with me?" the astounded Mr. Dunder asked himself. But immediately he justified his lie—the original outrage he could not justify—could scarcely reconstruct in his imagination, though it seemed to belong to the realms of delirious imagination rather than to those of actual memory. To tell the captain that. . . . Well, in a way, though, if one read it in a story it would sound rather mean, yet uttered by one's own lips it must be acknowledged that it was reasonable. An afflicted and pleasing young girl couldn't be so severely reproached, so deeply disgraced, as an elderly civil servant with a solid reputation to keep up. Besides, morally, he was not guilty of the crime.

ON deck after breakfast, the captain, making his cheery daily round, was attacked by the victim from Cabin Number Ten. Number Ten, it now appeared, was Mrs. Mallet, a born inveterate public butt, grotesquely fat and shrill, dressed in bursting scarlet—the kind of incredible creature that is only seen in public places like ships, hotels, or private views of bad paintings.

"It's an outrage, captain," she squealed from behind her mountainous bust as she lay prone on her deck chair. "I might have died. Peacefully asleep like a baby—and then to be woken up like that. . . . I tell you, captain, you must put the man in irons once you find him—it would have been manslaughter aforethought if I'd died. And I nearly did die. I simply crumpled up and fell into the steward's arms. He told me he said to himself, 'Good God! Mrs. Mallet's done for. . . .' I tell you, captain, if nothing's done, my husband'll sue the company for damages."

The hearts of all the chivalrous men within earshot all down the deck hardened. The captain's heart hardened. Even a victim needs charm. A charmless lamb can be more hated than the most aggressive butcher. The captain, his kind face pink with anger, murmured remote reassurances in a sour voice. He drifted away. Mrs. Mallet continued to squeal after him. He drifted round the corner of the deck, swallowing an innocent sailor's oath. He came upon Miss Foss, plump, neglected, thirstily watching a men's shuffleboard foursome. None of the players spoke to her, for fear lest she should try to answer. The captain laid his hand on her arm. Fresh from his encounter with the victim, he felt strangely tender towards the aggressor. "You naughty—naughty—naughty gal," he said in a portentous voice, and wagged his finger with a sombre archness in her face.

"P-s-s-s-sh-k-k-k" sprayed Miss Foss.

"What you ticking the paw gal off for, captain?" asked a chivalrous shuffle-boarder.

"Ask no questions and you'll be told no lies," said the captain. "She's a naughty, naughty gal." He winked and rolled away. Within half an hour it was known all over the ship that that girl Foss had turned the hose on the Pink Balloon. Ha-ha, hee-hee. Wouldn't have thought she had it in her. . . .

MR. DUNDER heard the news in the smoking-room, and felt dimly resentful, cheated, envious of the heroine's fame. "So easy for young people to get away with things," he thought. "People never give a man over forty credit for any spirit or sense of humour. . . ."

And at the dance that night, as he sat in a corner, too shy to ask anyone to dance with him, he glowered upon Miss Foss as she danced round and round, enjoying the fame that should have been his. She was much in demand to-night; she flushed continually to veiled roguish flatteries. She was a new girl. She punctuated her hisses and splutterings with fluent squeaks of appreciation, with smackings of arch protest. Her stammer was now felt to be a sly disguise for sportiveness; she was "deep" but a "good sport." Every young man asked her to dance, and showed himself glad to answer on her behalf his own questions. And as she danced past Mr. Dunder for the twentieth time she suddenly caught sight of him through her mist of happiness. Her eyes dwelt on his for a second or two with a look of the most genuine and obsequious gratitude.

Stella Benson

BY JORGEN MYLLER

THE FLYING SCOTSMAN!

Fashionable bronze *without* sun-burn *is a* simple matter

not only for the "fortunate few." If you have been in the habit of avoiding sun-bathing because your skin is delicate, you have been practising unnecessary self-denial. Perhaps you did not know that *Pond's Cold Cream*, applied before exposure, prevents the skin from becoming dry and burnt.

Pond's Vanishing Cream applied when your skin is to be exposed to the dust of summer, will prevent these particles from harming the delicate sub-surface tissues.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE SCARLET LADY

By

ETHEL MANNIN

All men sooner or later fall in love, and Tony was by no means an exception. With him, however, things turned out a little differently from what is usually the case. How his entire life was altered and how the final crisis came about are both aptly described in this powerful short story by Ethel Mannin

Illustrated by
FRANK OLDHAM

I SUPPOSE that even judged by the lenient moral code of these times there is no getting away from the fact that she was what is called "a bad lot." And yet there was something rather finer about her badness than there is about many people's goodness. Everything she did she did with an air. What might be deemed a wanton and flagrant immorality in other people with her became somehow a "gesture." There was a sort of imperiousness about her that commanded one's respect. No, this isn't the conventional story of the scarlet woman with a heart of gold. I wouldn't say that Magda had a heart of gold; I am not at all sure that she had a heart. But it was precisely that uncertainty one always felt about her that made her interesting. Sometimes, thinking about her, I think that she had a heart stuffed with bank-notes, and sometimes I think it was just an empty shell. I don't know; none of us will ever know. We know only the facts about her, and regarding her motives some say this and some say that, but only one person knows, and that is Magda herself. With her be the issue.

Well, she's gone from us now; we shan't any more see her sipping "Side-cars" at the Embassy, or her flame-like figure in a dress that clung to her like a wet bathing costume reflected a thousand times over in the mirrors of the gargoyle; there's no longer a table reserved for her in the Savoy Grill, and at midnight at the Café de Paris; she has kept her last cocktail appointment in Mayfair and Regent's Park, danced her last dawn in at Chez-this-that-or-the-other. Yet she vibrates still in the memory of those who knew her, and I think the ghost of her still glides down Bond Street on a sunny morning in a long, low Italian car as scarlet and expensive as herself. She was somehow part of that car, and it of her; they had the same arrogance and chic, each perfection of their kind.

She was a lovely thing, with her dramatically white face and thin scarlet mouth and flaming hair. You might have thought that a woman with that colour hair shouldn't wear red, but Magda could do things that other women daren't do. She could "get away," as she herself would say, with almost anything if she'd a mind to. She behaved outrageously in all sorts of ways, and yet we all accepted her. You might tell yourself indignantly, and with justification, that next time you met her you would cut her dead, but you didn't if she didn't choose to be cut. There was a kind of imperiousness about her; no one ever got the better of her; somehow she always came out on top. She was hard, but it was the hardness of a diamond, and she had as many facets, and all of them with that same gem-like brilliance to their hardness.

NOBODY quite knew her origin. She first appeared on the scene as a Folly girl in New York; she married a financier, but left him before he was ruined by a crash in Wall Street; no one ever knew whether she foresaw the crash—anyhow, she got out before it happened, and it is only fair to give her the benefit of the doubt; the financier shot himself, and no one knew whether it was because of his financial disaster or because Magda had left him; he left no message, and with Magda one never knew. She married an elderly banker next, and he died within two years and left her a considerable fortune. She ran through this pretty quick and was living on the residue and her wits when she turned up in London. She was mixed up in a scandalous divorce case, and her affaires were notorious. Yet still she was accepted, no one quite knew why. No one had a good word for her, yet she was to be seen at nearly every fashionable party; and "everyone" went to her house Sooner or later you met everyone who was anyone at Magda's.

SHE was brilliantly amusing, a clever hostess, and quite incredibly lovely to look at. She had, too, that subtle art of making people feel on good terms with themselves; she exuded a sort of exhilaration; one felt, somehow, "bucked up," as we say, after being with her; women felt that as well as men. It was part of the magnetism of her personality, a sort of hypnotism.

AND then there was that affair of young Tony Fleming. Everyone thought that he was her lover, but I happen to know that he wasn't. There was that terrible night when he came to my flat . . . he didn't lie that night; he couldn't even had he wanted to; one doesn't lie when one is crucified. Magda found him at the house of one of those people who collect celebrities and budding geniuses. He was practically unknown at that time save in a small inner circle of artistic people, but those who knew him were saying even then that he would make a name for himself one day. Magda plucked him as casually as a child plucks a flower. I was standing by her when she did it. She had been waching him for some time, her strange green eyes narrowed above her cocktail glass. She took in the clean-cut, sensitive lines of his young face, the smouldering blue fire of his eyes; her own eyes rested on the Apollonian gold of his hair, and on the no less conspicuous shine of his shabby blue serge suit. She asked me who "that beautiful young man" was and what he did. I told her that he was Tony Fleming, and that he painted, and had genius. She commanded that I should introduce her. Within ten minutes she had invited him to drive back to her house with her and dine. Within the next ten minutes he had told her that she was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, and asked if he might paint her—flushing like a schoolboy as he asked, and yet clearly on fire with her beauty. She laughed and said that they would consider that over dinner. I watched them drive away together; her expression was one of amusement; but the boy looked as though he on honey-dew had fed and drunk the milk of Paradise. . . .

After that they went everywhere together, cocktail parties, first-nights, private shows. People said all the usual things; that he was her lover; that she was keeping him; but it wasn't true; he never had anything from her. She included him in all her parties, and sometimes he entertained her at little cheap restaurants in Chelsea. . . . I saw them one night at the Blue Cockatoo dining off a bare stained deal table by candlelight. She wore a scarlet hat and dress, and she was like a flame against the blue darkness all round them; she sat between two tall candles, and her eyes were dark and rich. The candlelight made an aura of the boy's hair, and he leaned across the table towards her as he spoke. I cannot know what he said to her, but his eyes said that he loved her; that he drowned in love of her . . . and what

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lay behind the strange dark richness of her eyes, who shall say? But I had never before, nor did I ever since, see her look quite as she looked that night in the little cheap restaurant looking out across the twilight-misted river.

It was as though she listened to an unheard melody. . . . There was the eerie call of the barges and steamers going down the river to the dark sea, and there was a barrel-organ throbbing with the ragged wild loveliness of the London streets, and these things were somehow caught up in a symphony that only those two in their candle-lit corner could hear. . . . But perhaps I am wrong; Magda always said that I was hopelessly sentimental and went about seeing life larger than life-size.

BUT, whatever its source, there was that bloom on her that one never saw in the bright light and glitter of the Embassy or any fashionable place. . . . There were primroses in a shallow earthenware bowl on the table, for it was Spring, and her long fingers with their pointed, painted nails touched them caressingly. . . . The boy said something to her, and she smiled, dreamily, and took a few of them from the bowl and laid them on her breast, fastening them with a diamond brooch . . . and there the pale woodland things lay, on her scarlet dress, under their burden of about a thousand pounds' worth of diamonds, their gipsy, earthy scent drowned in the essence of chypre. . . . Well, that was Magda, I thought. It was probably her sense of irony at work, or sheer affectation, or she may have been deliberately playing a rôle demanded by the boy . . . but then again it may have been none of these things. Who shall say? I have this memory of Magda that night, and it may or may not throw a light upon what followed.

THEIR association lasted for about eighteen months, during which time Tony got enough pictures together for a show. He had the sort of succès d'estime we all felt that he would have, but he had more than that, for within a few days all his more important pictures bore the red star "sold." People who had never taken much notice of young Fleming before suddenly began inviting him to cocktail and dinner parties. He had paragraphs in the gossip columns. People began to talk about him. It became fashionable to be painted by him.

I did not see him for some months after the show—he was too much in demand. And then one evening he called at my flat for a drink. I congratulated him on his success.

"I always knew it would happen," I told him.

He said shortly, "It's all a fake. It couldn't have happened without Magda."

I told him that that was all nonsense; even granted that she had been his source of inspiration for his best work, I said, he couldn't have done it if he hadn't something in himself, and genius, I insisted, won recognition sooner or later.

HE looked at me for a moment, and then he said, "I'll tell you something. It was Magda who bought nearly all my pictures; the others sold because nothing succeeds like success. Magda engineered my success for me. It was marvellous of her—but humiliating. Humiliating to the artist in me, that is; but, my God, it's something to have money again—to be somebody, after all the years of struggle and having no money and being nobody. I can't ever thank her enough—she's been wonderful! I know how much she must despise me, but it doesn't alter the fact that she's made me."

I suggested to him that Magda wouldn't have done it if she hadn't believed in him—in his work. He laughed at that, a trifle bitterly.

"It's not that," he insisted. "It was just kindness on her part; helping a lame dog over a stile. Oh, I know what people say about Magda—that she's hard and hasn't a heart, but they don't know her as I do." He sprang up and began to pace restlessly up and down the room. "You know," he burst out at length, "I worship Magda. There isn't anything I wouldn't do for her—but there isn't anything I can do; the old story of the moth and the star, you know. It isn't any use loving a woman like Magda—she doesn't want love. But it doesn't alter the fact that I do love her—consumingly!"

One knew, as he spoke, how his love for this woman was a flame burning his life away—it was a passion of humility, of gratitude, adoration.

I said, "Does she know that you love her?"

He said, "I wanted to wait—until I'd done something — something real, not just an engineered success."

Well, he did something—something tremendously good. He invited me round to his studio to see it. It was an imaginative portrait of Magda herself. It had fire, imagination, vision. It was the best thing he had done, and he knew it. He was feverish and excited.

He said, "You see, she bought all my other things just to help me, but this is something authentic, and so I want to give it to her—an expression of gratitude, love, everything I feel for her. She's coming round to the studio this afternoon to see it. Stay and hear what she says."

Magda came at four o'clock, scarlet clad from head to foot as usual, and with magnificent sables pushed back from her shoulders. No tender spring flowers lay on her breast this time, but half-smothered by the sables was a shoulder trail of malignant-looking green orchids.

I could not bear to look at the boy whilst Magda inspected the picture. I felt that for him "life and time stood still" in those few moments, and that if she did not like the portrait he would be finished.

"I saw them one night at the Blue Cockatoo dining off a bare deal table by candlelight"

But, "Yes," she said, "yes," and there was something like an ecstasy of æsthetic delight in her breathing of those affirmations. She said quietly, still looking at the picture, "You have genius, Tony. I knew that when I bought those pictures of yours. It wasn't just charity. It was sound judgment. I knew they were a good investment. And women who live as precariously as I do have to learn not to overlook a good investment when it presents itself. I knew your prices were bound to appreciate."

TONY started. "You knew that? You weren't just being kind?"

She laughed. "My dear, I have never yet been able to afford to be merely kind."

"No, I suppose not." He moved away, and I knew what was going on in him as surely as though he had cried aloud in his pain. He had begun by being humiliated by the thought that she had not had faith in him as an artist, but had merely wanted to help him when she had bought his pictures, thereby establishing his vogue and his material success. But his love and his passion of gratitude had swamped his artistic egotism. He had grown to worship her as a sort of guardian angel, and in that spirit had wanted to give her his best work . . . but because, after all, she had merely regarded his work as a good investment he could not give her this labour of love in the spirit in which it had been wrought; she would accept it as she might accept a gift of a thousand pounds' worth of bonds, as nothing more or less. All this passion of gratitude in which he had worked for her had been wasted; there was nothing to be grateful about. . . .

I heard him saying, for I could not bear to look at him, "I suppose I ought to be flattered; your faith in me—it was a terrific compliment. . . ."

And her cool, even voice, "I suppose it was; but that aspect of it didn't occur to me."

I cried out at that, "Magda!"

She smiled serenely. "It's all right, Tony and I understand each other—don't we, Tony?"

"Yes; perfectly." He looked at me, and forcing myself to meet his eyes I saw that they were like blue flames. "You see," he said, "Magda helped me by helping herself. A sort of mutual aid society. I don't have to be grateful to her, but neither does she have to be grateful to me—rather she has to congratulate herself on her sound judgment." He turned to her, "The picture's yours, Magda—unless you've made a mistake it should keep you in comfort for at least a few years if you hang on to it for a bit. Its market value is bound to appreciate."

He walked out of the studio. Magda laughed.

"That," she observed, "is what I should call a gesture."

I hated her in that moment. "That boy loves you," I cried.

"I know."

"Is that why you are so cruel to him?"

She shrugged. "Can one help it if the truth happens to be a little—brutal?"

"There was no need to tell him that you bought his pictures purely as a good investment. Besides, it isn't true—you bought them merely to help him, and would have done so had they been rubbish. You just want to torment him."

She laughed. "Always the little sentimentalist," she mocked. "You'll never know, will you? But being a sentimentalist you'll always hope for the best."

"What do you want with Tony?" I demanded.

"Every woman's soundest life insurance policy—marriage. Tony is going to make a lot of money as time goes on."

I STARED at her aghast. "If you marry him in that spirit you'll break his heart."

She gathered up her gloves and handbag preparatory to departure. "It's his heart against my bank balance," she remarked. "Does it matter who believes in one so long as one's banker does?"

"But he loves you!" I told her again. "Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"In a few years' time it ought to mean several thousand a year," she answered.

"But merely to marry for money—like any adventuress. . . . You're bigger than that, Magda, above a cheap cynicism of that kind."

"And above the cheap sentimentality of marrying without money. As a novelist and a student of life, my dear, you ought to know the nice difference between marrying for money and marrying where money is. I shall marry Tony, and we shall live very quietly in the country—so that he can do a lot of work. It's very important that he should do a lot of work during the next few years—my debts are terrific."

"And if I tell Tony that you are marrying him for these reasons?" I demanded.

She laughed. "He just wouldn't believe you. Why, even you are not quite certain about my motives, are you?"

I didn't answer, for it was true—I couldn't be sure whether she was quite heartless, or whether she was hiding herself away behind a mask of cynicism.

Next time I met Tony he was radiant with joy. "Magda and I are going to be married and have a cottage in the country and lead the simple life," he said. "Magda is sick of all this artificiality of cocktails and caviare. Oh, I know you must smile at that, but you haven't seen Magda in the country. You don't any of you know her as I do."

"But she bought your pictures purely as an investment," I reminded him. "Have you forgiven her for that?"

He laughed happily, confidently. "It isn't true. She bought them to help me. But being Magda she can't admit to sentimental motives of that kind."

"But does she love you?" I asked.

"Enough to marry me. Mine not to reason why—mine but to thank whatever gods may be for my incredible good fortune."

I saw that there was no point in arguing with him. He was bewitched, and that was all there was to it.

Well, as everyone knows, Tony became Magda's third husband, and they had a little whitewashed cottage in Sussex, and more or less disappeared from London life for about a year. Tony was supposed to be working hard, but it began to get about that actually he was doing very little, and that what he was doing was not to be compared with his former work. I met Pennington, the art critic, who had been out to the cottage and seen some of Tony's recent work, and he told me that it was quite undeniably third-rate.

"He's finished," he said. "It may be Magda, or it may be that he had something to say and has said it. If he shows the work he is doing now he might just as well pack up and go and open a haberdashery stores."

"Does he know he's working badly?" I asked.

"Yes. He tries not to face the fact—but he knows it, all the same."

A few months later there was that night Tony came to my flat. I have never seen anyone so changed. He was no longer the beautiful boy Magda had plucked as a child plucks a flower. He was white and haggard and incredibly aged. The moment he came into the room I knew there was something desperately wrong. It seemed a little odd to hear myself saying conventional things, that I was glad to see him again, and would he have a drink. He appeared not to hear me, and though his tortured eyes rested on me I felt that he did not see me; it was as though he were not present in his body.

"Magda's gone!" he burst out. "I had to come in to Town to see my agent last night, and I stayed in Town because there are no late trains; and when I got back this morning I found this——"

He dragged a crumpled letter out of his pocket and thrust it into my hand. It was written on orchid-coloured notepaper with a silver M embossed on the top left-hand corner, and it carried with it a faint scent.

Magda's familiar great straggling writing swam before my eyes. "Darling Boy, you must realise by now that this marriage of ours doesn't work. It has been beautiful, but the high song is over, as the poem says. You are not working, and we cannot live on air. Besides, the country bores me. 'We'll to the woods no more, the laurels all are gone.' You'll understand. I want you to divorce me. The necessary evidence will come along in due course. Regard me merely as an interlude in your life, and forget me. Reproach is such a foolish thing.—M."

I gave the letter back to him in silence. There was somehow nothing to say. He sat down on the divan and buried his head in his hands.

"It's true about my not working. I've done practically nothing since our marriage, and that is bad. I didn't need Pennington to tell me that. I failed Magda, you see. I turned out to be not such a good investment after all."

"You say you know Magda better than any of us. Is that the reason why she's left you? Or is it just that she is, as she says, bored—that love has grown cold, as love does, with other people besides the Magdas of this world?"

"Oh, you know as well as I do," he cried miserably, "what's the use of pretending? I was a fool. Magda was honest enough, only I insisted on sentimentalising her motives. It's not her fault if I was fool enough to endow her with a softness that isn't in her. There's nothing to reproach her with. She never pretended — she couldn't help it if I could not realise that she was telling the truth. She thought when she married me that she was insuring her future; when she found that I wasn't a safe investment she sold out in time. She'll marry Kinloss, I expect. He's not so terribly rich, but he's a peer, and it will be nice for Magda to be My Lady. She could always capitalise on that, I expect, and with him she'd live in Paris, which she loves, and—oh, well, as she says, the high song is over."

"You'll divorce her?" I asked.

"I suppose so. Otherwise she won't be able to be My Lady. One should never stand in the path of a careerist, should one?"

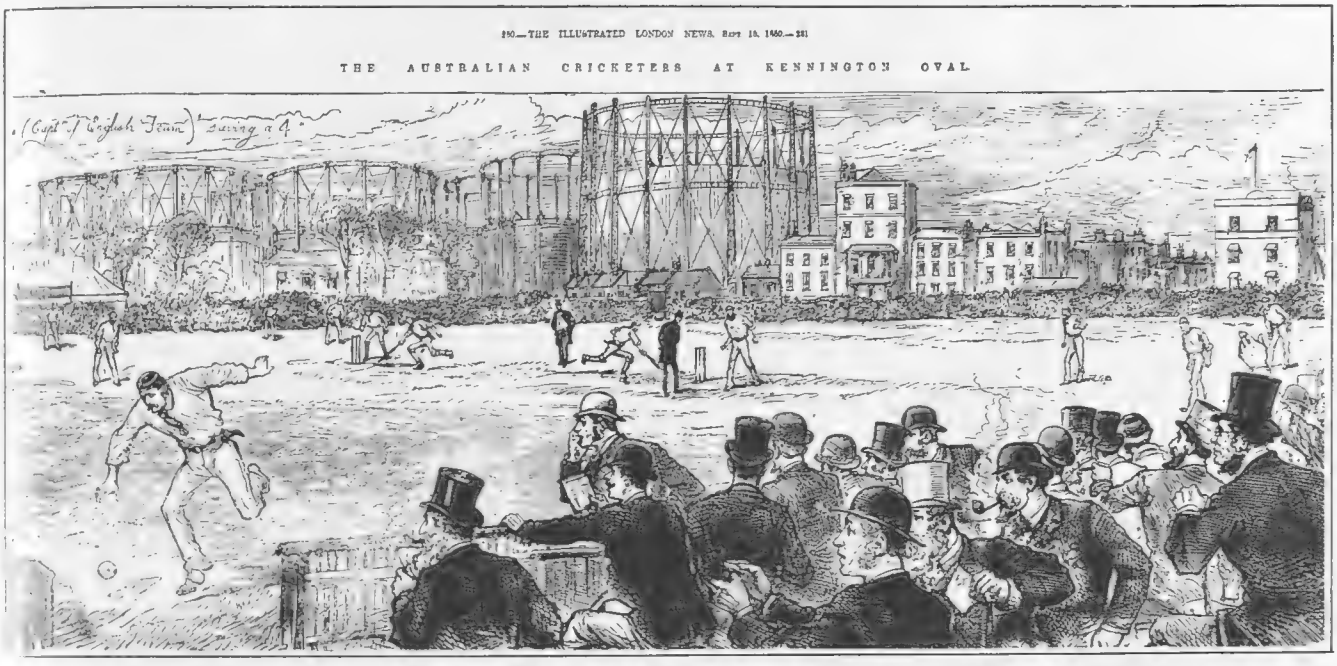
By Puys

"Your pulse, my dear sir, is like clockwork"
"That's my wrist watch, doctor"

We talked for a good while. It seemed to help him. "You see," he said, "I've been a fool all along. I was so proud and happy when my pictures sold—and then I found that it was Magda who had bought nearly all of them. Then when I'd recovered from that humiliation I adored her with a sort of passion of gratitude—only to discover that I had no cause for gratitude—that her motives had been purely material. Then she melted to me and was sweet, and suggested this marriage and cottage idea, and I made a fool of myself again by believing that she had only pretended that her motives were material in order to mask her real motives of kindness. I loved her and was happy, and for a little while she was most miraculously mine—or I had the illusion that she was. But it's all so pitifully obvious, isn't it? She thought that by marrying me and shutting me up in a cottage she'd have me churning out profitable masterpieces—the insurance policy of her future. . . ." He laughed bitterly. "Well, it didn't work, so we'll to the woods no more. . . ."

(Continued on page 590)

The FIRST TEST MATCH



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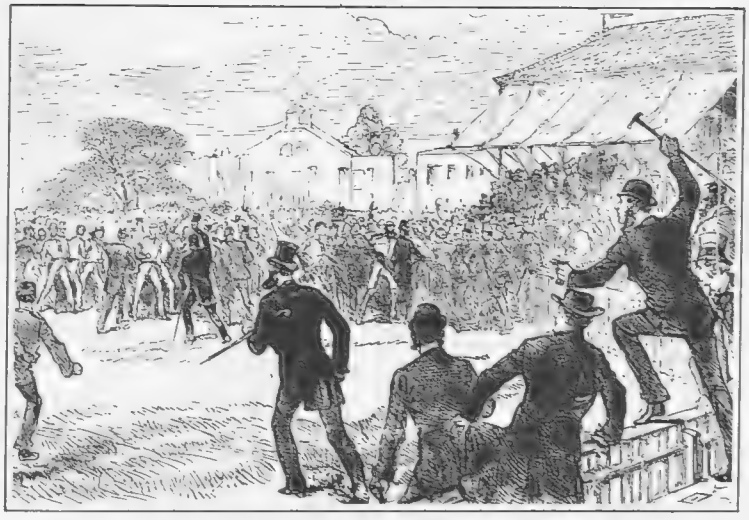
OVER a century before the first Test Match was played, Guinness was already a favourite beverage. To-day one could put the Oval half a dozen times into the Guinness Brewery, so vast is this, the largest Brewery in the world.

Guinness is a light, refreshing and sustaining beverage especially suitable for Summer weather. In fact the sales of Guinness in Summer are even larger than in Winter.



GUINNESS
IS GOOD FOR YOU IN SUMMER

G.E. 97A

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BEFORE EVERYTHING

for the good of your health

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Willing B.G.9

WHEN WE ARE VERY YOUNG

MRS. DOUGLAS CORY-WRIGHT

With her daughter. She is the wife of Mr. Douglas Cory-Wright, the youngest son of Sir Arthur Cory-Wright, Bt.

THE HON. MRS. DAVID TENNANT AND PAULINE

Mrs. Tennant has two children, Pauline, seen above, and a small son. Before her marriage she was Miss Hermione Baddeley, one of the cleverest of our younger actresses

THE BARONESS DE STEMPIL

With her four-months'-old son, Michael Victor. Formerly Miss Dawn Beaumont, she is a daughter-in-law of the late General Baron Nicholas de Stempil

MY BEST THINGS IN LIFE

By W. Hodgson Burnet

[*With apologies to Miss Edith Sitwell and the other Clever People who have been opening their hearts to us on this subject in another place.*]

I FIND this a very difficult article to write. You see, I am not quite sure what is expected of me. It seems so strange that anyone should want to know what this one small entity, this *me*—or should it be this I?—considers the Best Things in Life. You want me to bare my heart and say what have been my happiest moments. There have been many such moments, so inextricably woven together that they have become for me an exquisite and eternal pattern.

THERE have been days in Spring with the recurring miracle of burgeoning trees; there have been days in Summer with the sudden plashing (not "splashing," please—*plashing*) of brown water over cool white stones; and, of course, there was that wonderful night in the late Autumn of 1922 when I brushed past the ticket collector at Paddington and scrambled into the 10.33 as it was moving swiftly from the platform. Nobody can now take these memories from me. They are part of my soul's calm sunshine which no man can destroy. However, I'd better get down to the usual list of twelve Things which have given me Most Pleasure, for I see that's what all the others have done, and I expect you are all dying to see it. Here it is. It is not in chronological order, or, indeed, in any order at all, but just as it came into my head:

1. Being put into long trousers for the first time. I was a child and the trousers didn't really fit me. They were *too* long. Other trousers came to me afterwards, but none of them ever gave me quite the same thrill.

2. Seeing my brother-in-law sit down on somebody else's hat at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

3. Tasting Camembert cheese for the first time.

4. Swimming across the Paddington Baths unaided. Yes, I know it was at the shallow end, but I never touched the bottom once. I swear I didn't—honest Injun!

5. My perfect home life—oh, crumbs! I *can't* do this one! Let's get on to the next.

"ME"

6. Fighting a boy bigger than myself and, although losing two of my front teeth (long since neatly replaced), having the supreme satisfaction of causing his ugly nose to bleed profusely.

7. Getting my penny back from a "Try Your Strength" machine on the pier at Eastbourne.

8. When I was a Special Constable, receiving sixpence from a lady for carrying her baby home after an Air Raid. I've forgotten the baby's name—not that it matters.

9. Doing a hole in one. I was playing by myself, and thus escaped the usual somewhat expensive penalty.

10. Hearing myself sing "Land of Hope and Glory" in a tiled bathroom.

11. Seeing my first book being actually bought and paid for by a slip of a girl at St. James's Park Station.

12. The first time I shook hands with a Peer of the Realm and he said to me, "What'sh yours, ole f'ler?" That was perhaps my greatest ecstasy.

SOME of these happinesses you will say are trivial. Perhaps they are. Life is made up of little things, and as there is only one person who can understand the permanent glamour of these little happinesses of mine I don't see what right you or anyone else has got to cavil at them. How can *you* enter into my feelings? What has it got to do with *you*? Who *are* you, I should like to kn——

[ED. *Sh! You really mustn't go on like that. Our readers won't like it!*

ME. *Oh, very well. But I do* HATE *being sneered at!*]

REPORTER: "How did you come to write your famous book?"

POMPOUS AUTHOR: "I had—ah—just bought a new bottle of ink"

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PARIS GOSSIP

ROYALTY AND REPARTEE

By Sylvia Lyon

"LE LOR' MAIRE" IN PARIS G.P.U.

Sir William and Lady Waterlow, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, seen on their recent visit to Paris. They are watching the parade of horses before the racing at Longchamps

PARIS is becoming very, oh, very, active. Despite the lugubrious weather, the Cambon side of the Ritz at lunch-time resembles the Gare St. Lazare during its less quiet moments: people are deciding whether or not to risk being trampled upon at the opening of the Ambassadeurs (it really is opening); the papers are filled with what are called whimsical articles about the Horticultural Show in the Cours la Reine, in which the French public is berated for not being so flower-minded as the English. I saw some of the best people being turned away from "Monseigneur" the other night, a night club to which I will refer later on in this outburst, and the city is blooming with the annual arrival of celebrities.

Central News

Princess Ileana of Roumania, whose engagement to Count Hochberg was recently broken off, is rumoured to be privately engaged to the Prince of the Asturias

THE most celebrated celebrity of the week, the Danish Crown Prince, did what every other official celebrity seems to do: he laid a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, he laid the corner-stone of the Danish building of the Cité Universitaire, he lunched at Rambouillet with the President of the Republic, he gave a dinner and reception at his own Legation, and then he went out and had a good time.

THE very manly luncheon at Rambouillet caused me to reflect that the three most important men in the French Government, Doumergue, Tardieu and Briand, are bachelors. Which, I think, is just as well, considering what Republican chiefs have to offer as wives—I am not being personal, I am being general. I think it was the wife of President Fallières who made a remark to the visiting Queen of England that beats anything ever said by an American President's wife. Madame Fallières said in the most friendly, cheerful manner to the Queen: "And what are your sons going to do when they grow up?" To which the Queen replied, "One will be King of England and the others will go into the Army and Navy."

AND it was an earlier Presidente who remarked sympathetically to the Tsarina, "I suppose that you hated to leave your little boy back home in St. Petersburg?" It was this French President's wife who refused to wear a hat at a luncheon she gave for the Tsarina, no matter what the protocol demanded. She insisted that it was poor form to wear a hat at one's own table, and the Tsarina sat silent and stony-faced during the entire luncheon.

BUT the last Orléans King of France, Louis Philippe, was very unpopular with the aristocracy. In the first place, he was the son of Philippe-Egalité, who had had the bad taste to vote the death of his own nephew, Louis XVI; Louis Philippe used the flag of the Republic which the preceding ruler, Napoleon I, had too much sense to do, and he always carried an umbrella, which offended the elegant standards of the Faubourg St. Germain. But worst of all, Louis Philippe, besides being small and stout demanded a very strict moral code at court, he lived like a bourgeois, and finally, to embitter French society, he produced an enormous family, which the aristocracy considered was a very bad example.

(Continued on page 578)

305 miles in 8·5 running hours — averaging just under 36 m.p.h. . . . reports this satisfied Austin owner . . .

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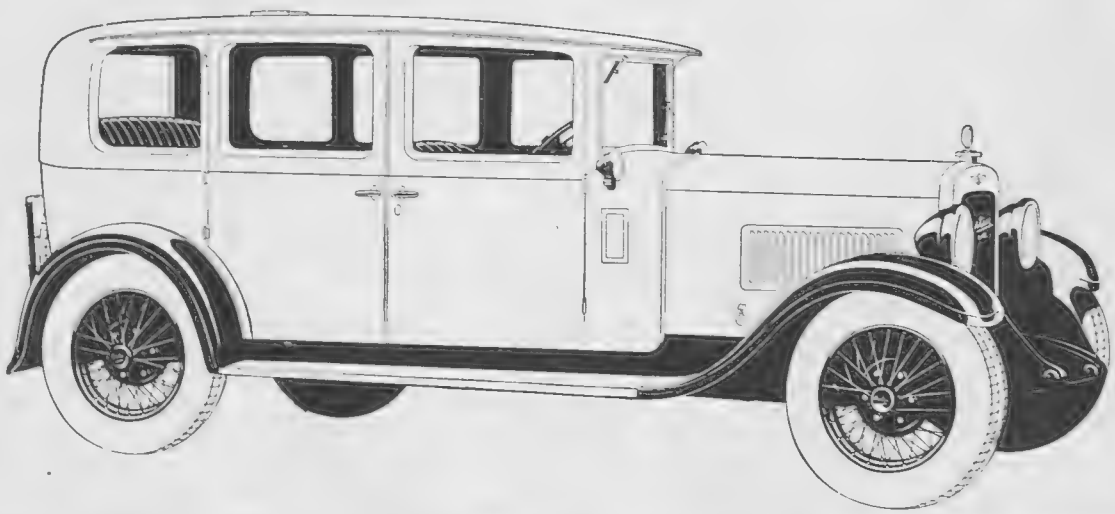

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PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 576)

"GOING TO THE DOGS" Sport and General

A new form of sport popular in Jersey. The competitors, wearing roller skates are towed along by Alsatian dogs

And now I will tell you about "Monseigneur." Upon entering this night club in the rue d'Amsterdam, which is under the same management as "Casanova," you find yourself in a blue ante-room, with a few tapestry-covered chairs scattered about. This is a very good idea, as the average period while waiting for a table is half an hour. I would advise parties going to "Monseigneur," in case they arrive in more than one car, to rush the door attendant and enter herd-fashion. Otherwise you may be separated for ever, as I nearly was the other night. For just after I entered the door was bolted, and suddenly I heard a terrific noise, my alarmed friends thinking I had been done away with.

After deciding whether an attempt to speak Russian would help you to acquire a table quickly or have you thrown out quicker, you find yourself on a short wide staircase covered with black and white carpet. A few steps below, spread out in a décor that is trying to make up its mind whether to be Caucasian, Byzantine, or Venetian, you see everybody you expected to see, people you have not seen for months, and the usual people over whom your heart would not break if you never did see them again.

Now that the Paris Season is in full swing, members of Ciro's Club in London are reminded that on presentation of their card of membership they will be entitled to a discount of ten per cent. on all their bills at the following Paris restaurants with which the club is allied: Restaurant Ciro, Restaurant des Ambassadeurs and Restaurant de la Michodière.

At the right and left of the entrance, two platforms slung up in the air support a tango and a jazz orchestra. At the far end of the room, upon an elevation, is a space for one large party, flanked by more or less enclosed cubicles for smaller parties. The ceiling and walls are covered in a dark blue fabric, red lights illuminate oriental niches, and deep rose linen covers the tables, which are surmounted by old silver vases and goblets. The place is much larger than Casanova, but the atmosphere is the same, although the entertainment is American, Clark and Deslys having a numero, with their piano placed on a wide level of the staircase.

A GARDEN-PARTY IN HUNGARY L.N.A.

A general view of the garden-party recently given by the Regent of Hungary, Admiral Nicolas Horthy de Nagybánya. It was held in the grounds of the Royal Citadel in Budapest

The Finest Whisky on 'Record'

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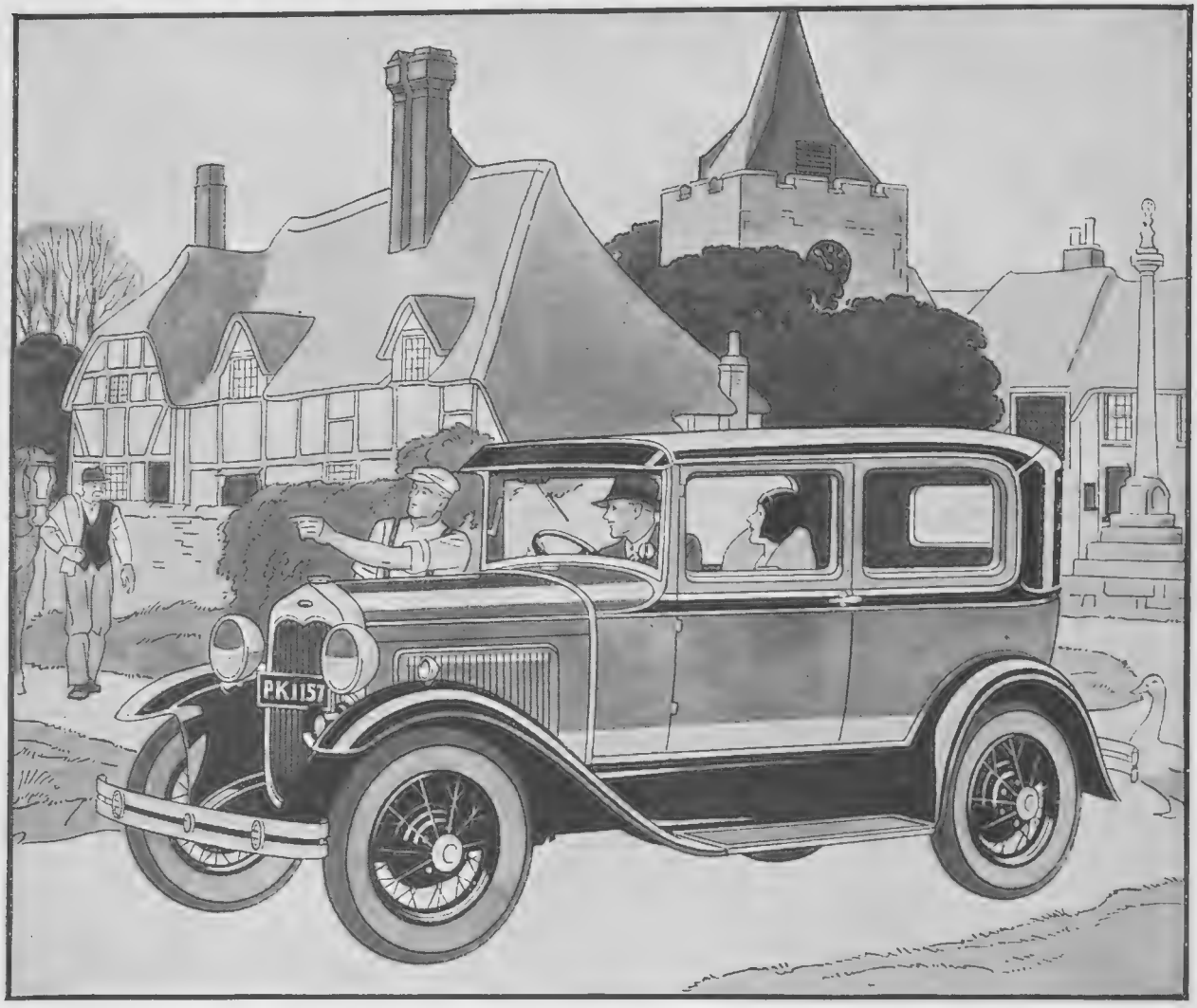

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LINCOLN Ford Fordson

LAWN TENNIS

THE WIGHTMAN CUP AND WIMBLEDON

By Volleyer

I was interested to see several of the first contingent of the American team practising at Wimbledon for the Wightman Cup match later on. These included Miss Edith Cross (whom we saw at Wimbledon last year), Miss Mary Greef, and little Miss Susan Palfrey, who is only some seventeen years of age and the holder of the American Junior Championship. With her are her two young sisters, one of whom is almost as good as she herself, but who are not, of course, playing in the match. Mrs. Helen Wills Moody and Miss Helen Jacobs are the others of the team, and it is quite certain that Mrs. Moody is going to make it very hard for us to win any of the matches in which she takes part, for just now she is playing really lovely lawn tennis. She has such a big reserve of strength, and also seems able to go on hitting the ball hard for such a long time.

D. Stuart

MISS JOAN FRY

A triple winner in the recent Hard Court Championships at Bournemouth

If, as I understand at the moment, Mrs. Moody will not be playing with Miss Ryan (with whom she so easily won the doubles in Paris, and with whom she is playing at Wimbledon) in the doubles, we certainly have a fair chance of the match; but if these two pair up together I do not see how we can possibly win. Mrs. Moody produces her best game when side by side with Miss Ryan's forceful play, and in her recent matches she was volleying far better than I have ever seen her. She is not *by herself*, or with a base-liner, an extremely aggressive doubles player, but coupled with Miss Ryan, who seems to breathe out determination and attack, Mrs. Moody herself becomes more aggressive. Our own team is likely, I understand, to be chosen from Mrs. Godfree, Miss Nuthall, Miss Joan Fry, Mrs. Watson, Miss Harvey, and Mrs. Whittingstall, and we are certainly fortunate in having some very fine singles players, who may easily do big things. Apart from Mrs. Moody, the American team is quite capable of being defeated, and it is, indeed, on her shoulders that the match practically rests.

Sport and General

MISS EDITH CROSS

One of the best of the American team and a dour fighter

Mabel Robey

MISS BETTY NUTHALL

The fact that she lost in the final of the singles at Surbiton must not be taken as an indication that her play is deteriorating, as she beat her opponent, Miss Jennie Sandison, at Chiswick

Sport and General

MRS. FEARNLEY WHITTINGSTALL

Formerly Miss Eileen Bennett. She did well in the French Championships in Paris recently, but was beaten in the final of the Mixed Doubles when partnered by H. Cochet

I FANCY that there will be a very large attendance at Wimbledon for this fixture, and it will, at any rate, be an extremely interesting glimpse of "form" for the championships. At the moment little Fräulein Aussem is playing very fine tennis. She is one of those players whom everyone should look out for, as she is one of the best "movers" on a court that I have ever seen. She possesses the power of anticipation to a very large degree, her footwork is perfect, and she is also extremely steady, while at the same time hitting the ball very hard.

SEÑORITA DE ALVAREZ, as usual, may be relied upon to provide the brilliance of the meeting, for when I saw her last at Monte Carlo she was bringing off a succession of flashing forehand and backhand strokes which, as usual, completely baffled her opponents. She takes the ball quicker than any other woman player I know, and she is thus able to "hustle" her opponents right from the start. She also has an uncanny knack of placing the ball into the extreme corners of the court, with apparently no effort whatever, while her already powerful overhand service seems, to my mind, to have greatly improved this year in length and "placing."

MRS. WHITTINGSTALL, Miss Joan Fry, Miss Betty Nuthall, Miss Round, Mrs. Watson, Miss Joan Ridley, Mrs. Pitman, and Miss Gwen Sterry may all do something big this Wimbledon, for they are all playing well, and on their home courts are extremely hard to beat. Miss Joan Fry in particular can go on running apparently for ever, while if her opponent ever "lets up" for a second she takes charge of the game with her very forceful forehand drive and forces the pace most relentlessly.

Miss Betty Nuthall is playing very well also, and it was certainly hard luck that she should have lost her cup at Surbiton in the first grass tournament of the year. It may be that this defeat will have given her more confidence instead of the reverse, as I have noticed that she has played her best after quite a number of tournaments, whereas Mrs. Whittingstall, on the other hand, plays a good deal better when she has not been playing for too many weeks on end. "VOLLEYER."

Sport and General

W. T. Tilden and his partner, Fräulen "Cilly" Aussem, who won the Mixed Doubles in the French Championships recently held in Paris. They beat H. Cochet and Miss Eileen Bennett in the final round in two straight sets, the score being 6—4, 6—4

G.P.U.

Miss Jennie Sandison, who won the Surrey Championship at Surbiton from Miss Betty Nuthall

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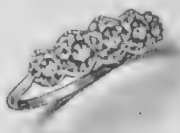

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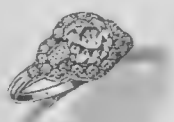

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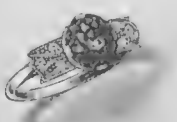

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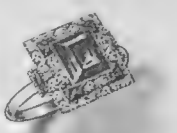

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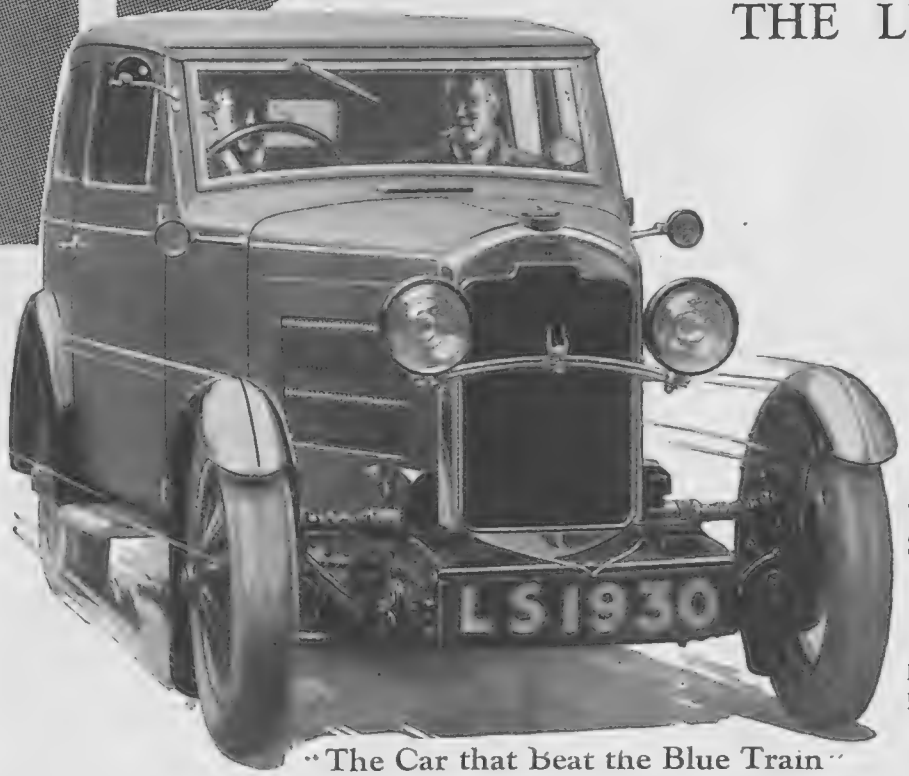

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C.F.H.

PICKING UP BARGAINS

By A Professional Hunter

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken. . . "

THE lines might stand for a description of my feelings when, turning the pages of a Sale Catalogue, I put my finger on what experience tells me may prove to be a "bargain." Have you ever hunted for bargains? If not, you have missed one of the excitements of life. When my friends go to Monte Carlo for a gamble, or play the Stock Market, I wonder do they get a greater thrill than I do when I start out in my car for a hunt?

THE remembrance of former disappointments or bad luck fades instantly when a treasure is landed. Of course, in these days of inexpensive cars, when the small dealer can get about to all the sales, one's chance of securing cheap and good antiques grows less every day; but that does not lessen one's keenness.

EVEN more exciting than the tracking down of a particular bargain is the unexpected finding of some "treasure" long since relegated, as of no value, to some corner of a dark attic—which suggests the reflection that the contents of our present-day lumber-rooms may well become the prized antiques of some future generation. Personally, I have had great luck, sometimes, at small sales held on village greens or at old farms.

ON one occasion two lithographs were catalogued. A glance at them told me that they were good oil paintings by a well-known Italian artist of the 18th century. There were only a few local dealers at that sale, and they did not fancy the pictures, so I got them for fifteen shillings the pair. I won't give away trade secrets by telling you how many pounds I afterwards got for them, but the deal was certainly one to be long remembered with satisfaction.

Some interesting pieces of furniture and bric-a-brac, most English, which are of interest to the amateur collector. They include a Queen Anne occasional table, Jacobean gate-leg table, Old English cottage furniture, and glass and crockery

I TRACED their origin; they had been inherited by an eldest son who, through his own fault, had come down in the world and had passed his last years in a tiny cottage in the village, and was either ignorant of the value of his few remaining possessions, or had clung to them with a last relic of Victorian sentiment. One isn't always able to find out how and why nice old things get to be looked upon as rubbish.

I ONCE found in a dingy shop two footstools which, in the dim light with difficulty percolating through cobwebbed windows, I thought to be covered with old carpet, and a very dirty carpet at that, for I could hardly make out any pattern.

I HAPPENED to want some footstools for a bit of needlework I had, so I bought them—for thirty-five shillings the pair. When I got them out into the sunshine I saw that their covering was of needlework. It is possible that I exceeded the speed limit as I drove home that day, so eager was I to set to work to clean these "finds" and ascertain their true value.

SIX baths of petrol made no impression, so I put the footstools under the scullery tap and took a scrubbing brush and yellow soap to them. I confess that my heart was in my mouth during the process, but the result was far beyond my expectations. The needlework proved to be the very finest petit point of an early date, on the much-sought-after yellow background. The profit I made on those stools was many more pounds that I had paid shillings.

AN OLD-WORLD COTTAGE

Filled with bric-a-brac and objets d'art dear to the heart of every collector. Many different styles are represented in the above photograph

THERE is, of course, the other side to the sport of bargain hunting; disappointments; long fruitless drives to see some treasure which turns out to be not worth the price of the petrol used in tracking it; the necessity, on occasion, of paying a large price for something one knows to be good but which may not tempt the average purchaser.

SUCH an article may stand about for months, representing a much-needed sum of money and, after frequent reductions in price, have finally to be parted with for a sum that means a loss on the transaction rather than the hoped-for profit.

HOWEVER, the funny thing about keeping an antique shop is that everything *does* go—in time—if one can afford to hold it. Frequently I have marvelled at this. Often one gets so tired of seeing a rejected thing still about that one pushes it away in a corner where it lies forgotten till one day it is pounced on by a customer who tells you that it is just the thing he wants and has been looking for! Such a stroke of luck carries one on over the bad times when trade is depressed and the weather too bad to allow bargain hunting.

AMONG dealers in the trade one makes amusing friends, and there is a good fellowship among us. We can "swop" stories and "talk shop" as eagerly as the fishermen and golfers, who are, I believe, credited with a monopoly of this pleasant pastime. We report our lucky "finds" but whereas the fish who escapes after some hours of "play" is often the hero of the fisherman's tale, dealers never talk about their disappointments when chatting over their experiences with business colleagues.

Express Photos

Lord Crawford, the well-known authority on Wedgwood Pottery, recently opened an exhibition at the Mansard Gallery. Above he is seen examining some of the exhibits, all of which were of great interest to him

AT country sales an hour or two often passes in the bidding for lots of no interest to the antique collector, and it is in these intervals that we of the trade find opportunity to exchange experiences, perhaps to pass on from one to the other useful information, even sometimes to effect exchanges of things that may prove more saleable in one district than in another. (One man's meat being another man's poison.) Thus the waiting hours may prove hours of interest and profit to us who have come together for a common purpose.

I HAVE found among dealers, in fact among most people in the trade, a great cordiality. I started under the disadvantage of not being "born to the trade," and have met with great kindness and help, and owe a lot of my success to helpful advice and judgment, freely given with no thought of recompense.

I CANNOT conclude without uttering a little work of warning. There are black sheep in every fold, of course. Amateur collectors should beware of the crafty dealer who not only purchases "fake" furniture and antiques, but employs a "fake" to get rid of them. This is accomplished by placing the spurious articles in a country cottage when the bargain-hunter thinks he has secured a treasure and finds to his cost that he himself has been sold.

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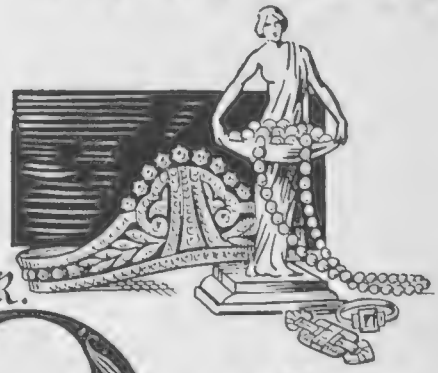

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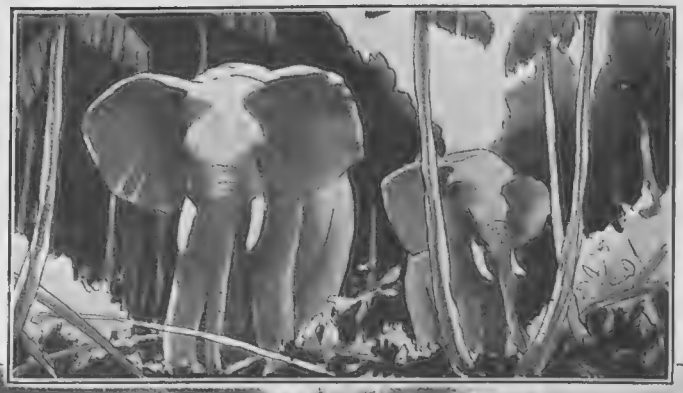

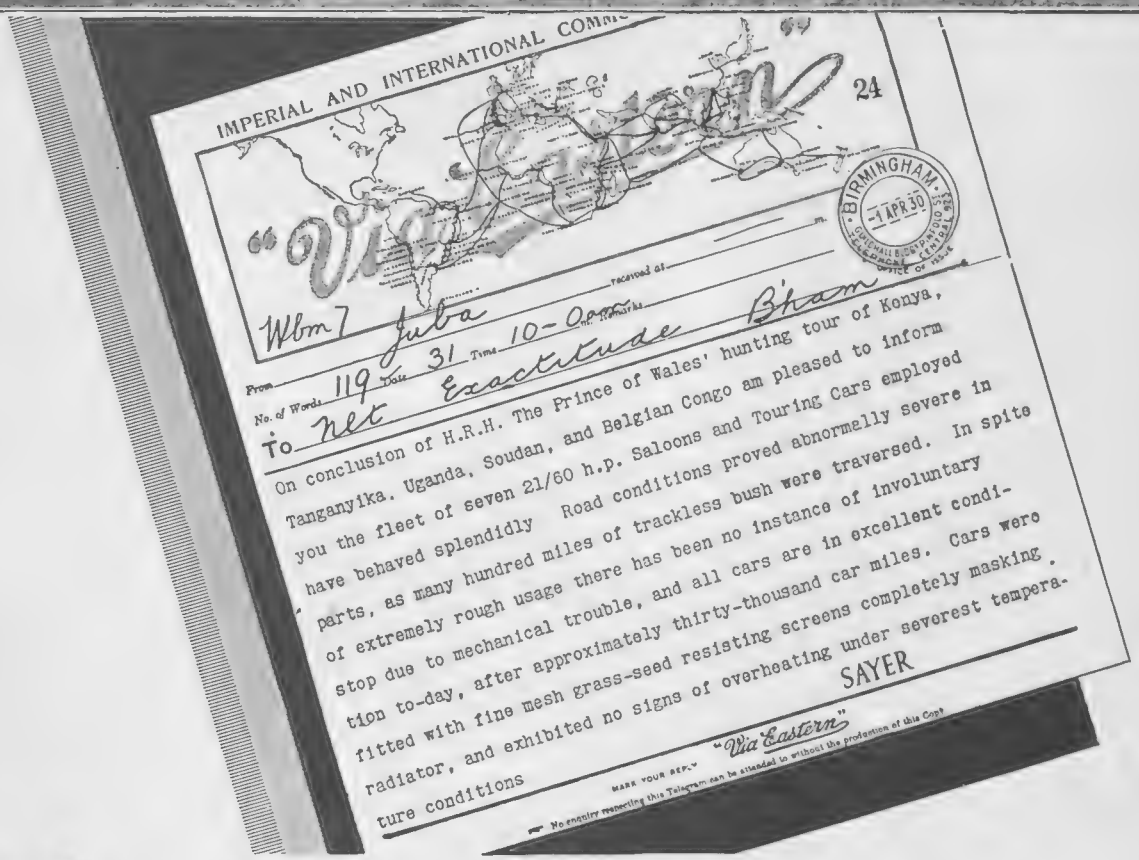

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To Net Exactitude B'ham

On conclusion of H.R.H. The Prince of Wales' hunting tour of Konya, Tanganyika, Uganda, Soudan, and Belgian Congo am pleased to inform you the fleet of seven 21/60 h.p. Saloons and Touring Cars employed have behaved splendidly Road conditions proved abnormally severe in parts, as many hundred miles of trackless bush were traversed. In spite of extremely rough usage there has been no instance of involuntary stop due to mechanical trouble, and all cars are in excellent condition to-day, after approximately thirty-thousand car miles. Cars were fitted with fine mesh grass-seed resisting screens completely masking radiator, and exhibited no signs of overheating under severest temperature conditions

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A FINE FINISH to a FINE WEATHER DERBY

The upper photograph shows the thrilling finish to the Derby, with the Aga Khan's horse, Blenheim, beating Mr. S. Tattersall's Iliad on the post, whilst Diolite, the favourite, lies a close third. Below: The Aga Khan is seen acknowledging the cheers of the crowd as he leads in his first Derby winner, ridden by H. Wragg, who is seen inset. The Aga Khan's more favoured Rustom Pasha failed to secure a place

THE SCARLET LADY (*continued from page 570*)

I asked him, "What are you going to do now?"

He answered despairingly, "God knows!"

But I felt that I knew what he would do. He would work again—really work, and at the back of my mind I wondered whether perhaps Magda knew this. . . . This enigma of Magda and her motives. How would one ever know?

Magda wrote to Tony again a week later. She was going to Paris to join Lord Kinlose. They would be living together, so there would be no difficulty about the divorce. But Magda never got to Paris. The 'plane in which she was crossing over crashed, and the three passengers, the pilot, and the mechanic were killed. It is intolerable to dwell upon that horror . . . and yet somehow it was the sort of violent going out that was in keeping with Magda's violent life. One might have known that she would not die peacefully in bed. . . . That crashing into eternity out of the blue, on her way to a new lover, that extinction in flame, she who was herself a flame . . . yes, it was somehow like Magda . . . Tony, of course, did magnificent work after the disaster. It was as though there was a sort of richness of suffering in him; his genius was fertilised by pain.

I MET Kinlose some months after the tragedy, and he was like a man on fire with anger against the world. "All the vile things people are saying about Magda leaving Tony and meeting her Nemesis make me sick!" he stormed. "Why can't they see that it was the one fine thing she did? She was coming to me for purely mercenary motives—I knew that, but she was beautiful and I wanted her, and I didn't care how she came to me so long as she came. I wanted her long before she met Tony—she could have married me then, but she chose to marry Tony."

"You mean she married him for love?"

"What else? It was purely a gamble as to whether he would go on doing good work. Magda wasn't a fool. If she had wanted a gilt-edged security she would have come to me—she knew she could. But she married the boy—and buried herself in the country with him—Magda, who loved life and its glitter and movement so much. When she found that she was destroying the artist in him she left him—that he might save his soul alive. They say that all men kill the thing they love. Well, Magda wasn't like the rest of us. There was something of the saint in her—as there was in Mary Magdalene. But scarlet woman or saint—what does it matter? She saved Tony Fleming's soul alive—she met her death in doing it. Don't you see? But for him she wouldn't have been coming to Paris and to me. . . . Heavens! I tell you it was magnificent—magnificent! . . . I always knew there was something fine in Magda, waiting to be born some day, waiting release. . . ."

"You're so certain!" I breathed, a sort of awe on me.

"Certain?" he thundered. "Of course I'm certain! I loved Magda. I knew her better than most people."

I turned away to hide a sort of smile—I say a sort of smile because there was a weeping going on in me for all I smiled. Tony had loved her; he had said the same thing. And I, too . . . she had so often called me a sentimentalist, but I, too, thought I knew her better than anyone . . . yet I had never been sure of her motives, and neither had Tony. Kinlose alone was certain, burning with his conviction as with a flame—but what had he to go on, any more than the rest of us?

But there is this to be said for Kinlose—he was a little outside the circle, and perhaps he could see more than those who were so close to our scarlet lady. . . .

WELL, there it is. Tony did his best work at the peak of his love for her, in that passion of gratitude which swept him, and again when she plunged him into suffering. To-day he is doing brilliant work. He owes that to her. She never had any children, yet it is as though she bore a genius. . . . She's gone from us now, and the enigma of her motives must remain unsolved. But I remember her that night in the little Chelsea restaurant, a scarlet flame against the blue background of shadow, with a strange richness to her eyes, and the primroses lying on her breast, and the candlelight forming an aura about her, so that she looked like a Madonna, for all she was clad in scarlet . . . and remembering her so I think that Kinlose was right, and that there *was* something of the saint in her, somewhere under the flaunting scarlet she presented to the world. E. M.

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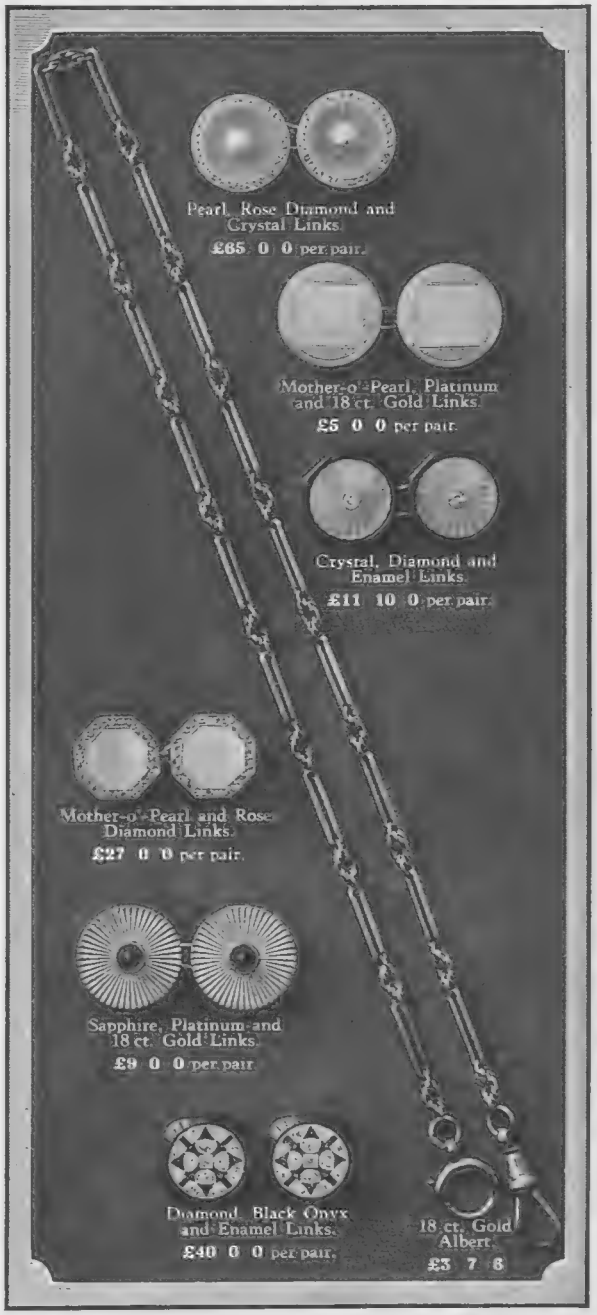

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CHIFFON AND LACE FOR GOLD CUP DAY

Chiffon, with delicate printed flowers in hydrangea pinks and blues strewn across its surface, is used for this graceful Ascot frock from Debenham and Freebody. There are godets of very fine flesh-tinted lace in the skirt, and the sleeveless lace coat has a flared border of chiffon which is carried up to form the front part. Twisted velvet ribbons encircle the crown of the black baku picture hat, and into them are tucked tiny knots of flowers

FLOWER COLOURS FOR THE SUMMER

By Olive Caley Smith

No item of an ensemble is more important than the stockings. Morley silk hosiery makes it possible for every woman to acquire fine-gauged stockings in all the fashionable shades at a very moderate cost

Pastel Shades are Important

PINK is a colour which, in one or other of its many shades, is almost universally becoming, and its return to high favour after a prolonged absence is in consequence very welcome. This summer it will play an important part throughout every hour of the day, for it is being used for frocks, coats, hats, and interesting accessories. In the morning it expresses the blouses which are worn with suits of flannel, heavy silks, or fancy woollen fabrics. When the afternoon comes it fashions delicately wrought vests and cuffs on plain or printed crêpe frocks. While in the evening or for the seaside there are dresses with matching coats in subtle shades of raspberry and soft mauvey pinks. Combined with black, it makes effective hats and scarves, and a satin turban with cunningly entwined folds, complemented by a scarf which is half pink and half black, or all black lined with pink, adds a piquant touch to either a simple dress or a straight coat.

For Mornings in Town

FROM the time she rises until the cocktail hour the average woman wears an ensemble, and she therefore demands something that though neat is smart enough for a luncheon appointment and simple enough to remain tidy all the time. Sketched on this page is a beautifully proportioned suit which fulfils all these requirements. It comes from Cecile, of 63, South Molton Street, and is a copy of a Molyneux model. Made in a French novelty cloth that is darned with vertical white stitches, it is obtainable in very attractive colours. The long-sleeved dress has groups of box pleats set into a fitted hip yoke, on which are square-shaped motifs formed by stitched bands. A similar design adorns the back of the little coat, with its soft fur collar, from which fall wide sash ends. In these salons there is a collection of charming day and evening frocks ranging in price from 6½ guineas, as well as distinctive hats which can be made to measure from one guinea.

A distinctive and very useful suit in fawn novelty cloth, with a white stitch running through it. It comes from Cecile, and is cut on graceful and slender lines

Study your Stockings

FINE-GAUGED stockings in soft-toned silk are being worn with printed chiffon frocks in pastel colours. Almost every conceivable hue is available in Morley silk hosiery, two examples of which are sketched at the head of this page. Their "New Venus" brand is the outcome of a studied consideration of the demand for fine-gauge stockings at a moderate price. The well-known Morley "duplex" toe and heel gives extra strength, and the graceful fancy-lace clock emphasises its snug fit. The "Durance," which combines all these attributes, has been designed to withstand extra hard wear. These side seams ensure absolute ease in wear, there being no seam under the foot to cause discomfort. They are obtainable practically everywhere at the leading outfitters.

New Designs in Shoes

SHANTUNG and linen shoes dyed to match the frocks with which they are worn are very new and distinguished. Both have a dull surface which robs them of any hint of overdressiness, and each is delightfully cool. A group of summer models from Hanan, 328, Oxford Street, is depicted below. First, there is a very attractive natural coloured shantung shoe trimmed with strappings of deep cream kid. It costs 68*s*. and would be ideal for Ascot or at garden parties. Immediately beneath it is an admirable beige snakeskin walking shoe with a scalloped nut kid border. On the left there is a white kid court shoe with motifs and a buckle of black patent leather, and, lastly, a natural linen and cream kid model which has been specially designed for smart seaside wear. It is priced at 55*s*., and is fastened by a neat buckle on the instep.

On right. A group of new summer shoes from Hanan, including models in natural shantung and linen, both trimmed with cream kid, and another in the fashionable combination of black and white

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FLYING NOTES

SHORT HOLIDAYS BY AIR

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Three stage stars, Emma Haig (left), Art Fowler, and Desirée Ellinger, with their Desoutter machine. The photograph was taken at Croydon before a trip to Paris

For the Week-end

THERE is only one fully licensed aerodrome in Devonshire, that at Haldon, which is two miles from Teignmouth and seven from Torquay. Full service facilities are provided for Moths, also for Gipsy and Cirrus engines, whilst the local School of Flying run by Mr. W. R. Parkhouse is a model of efficiency for overhauls and maintenance generally. Cars are available for hire, with or without drivers, and there is a first-class hotel at Shaldon known as the Dunmore, which caters specially for visitors by air. I don't know of any other aerodrome in England situated close to the sea, with a good hotel, where outdoor attractions are available amidst such delightful country. Take your choice from bathing, fishing, golf, tennis, or just loafing in the sun, and note that the Air Rally is fixed for June 21. The air scouts of the Automobile Association will be on deck to regulate traffic on the aerodrome and to assist all visitors. The Isle of Wight Flying Club is to be opened officially to-morrow by Sir Sefton Brancker. All private owners and club members are invited to attend the display at Shanklin Aerodrome, which is about a mile inland from the town and to the north-west. Week-ends by air are fashionable because it is possible to get so much further afield in a limited time than by car or train without the bustle and bother which beset the earthbound traveller.

The Westland Wessex

A NEW type of six-seater saloon by Petters, of Yeovil, has been tested and found favour. The Wessex is a development of the Westland IV, with three Genet Major engines in place of the three Cirrus in the latter. It has already been tried by a number of foreign buyers, and is considered an ideal taxi 'plane, and one which will be invaluable for feeder line work, particularly abroad and in the Colonies. Westland machines have been noted for their fine finish since 1916, when D.H. 4's were manufactured under licence for the Royal Air Force. Their own Wapiti is probably the best known at the present day, being a standard Service type at home, in Australia and South Africa, besides providing the Prince of Wales with his transport when engaged on official tours. In the absence of Captain Louis Paget and Mr. Brunton on leave, Captain Talbot Lehmann is acting as test pilot at Yeovil.

A Bristol Jupiter being inspected by a group of experts, including Sir A. Roe, Major Halford, and Capt. Barnard. It is of the same type as that used in the Duchess of Bedford's machine

Johnnie's in Town

I HEAR that some wag has written to the papers suggesting that Miss Johnson should not visit any town in the British Isles unless a permanent landing ground is made available. It is not clear as to whether the landing ground should be established before she arrives or afterwards, and if the latter is intended, of course, then the idea is an excellent one. Unfortunately, even landing grounds can't be made in a few weeks, and a first-class aerodrome may take months or even a year or so to mature, so that it would be impossible for every town in the country to have a permanent landing ground ready in time for her visit. There are very few places without a site on which a Moth can be landed, and, provided the local authorities realise the difference between a Moth ground and a permanent landing ground big enough for all types of machine, then all will be well.

Confusion and the Cure

THERE has been such a lot of confusion in the past about aerodromes, landing grounds, airports, air harbours, call them what you will, that it is as well to emphasise that the Air Ministry is the only licensing authority, and, furthermore, no site is available for public use until it has been surveyed and is granted a licence.

The Atlantic—East to West

IN the air the seemingly impossible has been achieved so often that the world has almost ceased to marvel when some new feat is accomplished. A successful Atlantic flight from east to west, with a landing at New York, is a certainty in the near future, and I should say that Captain Kingsford Smith's chances are excellent. He and his crew have already flown across the Pacific via Honolulu and the Fiji Islands to Australia, and from Australia to England, in record time.

A Flying Meeting

THE Norfolk and Norwich Club Flying meeting will be held on July 26—not on June 26, as stated in these Notes a fortnight ago.

DRIVING TO HARROGATE

By the Editor

As the modern well-appointed car goes—I mean something in the region of £500—Harrogate is the ideal town to my mind for a week-end run. Its distance is just over 200 miles, and taking it easily, with a rest of, say, an hour for dinner en route, it is easy going in 7 hours, tha tis an average of 33 miles per hour. You are soon out of the London traffic if you dodge the main routes, and on the Watford By-pass. By the way, it is really a scandal how badly these by-pass roads have been built, for everywhere they either heave or crack.

IN these long nights the pleasantest way is to leave town as I did, at about 7 p.m., as the North Road is getting clear. Stamford, 98 miles, should be reached before 10 p.m., when a dinner or, at any rate an appetising supper, can be obtained, with a licence extended to 11 p.m., for the Stamford Bench believe in cultivating the passing motorist. The George Hotel, on the left, just before climbing the hill into the town streets, is comfortable, and the food good and reasonable. With luck you can reach Stamford without your lamps as it is still quite light.

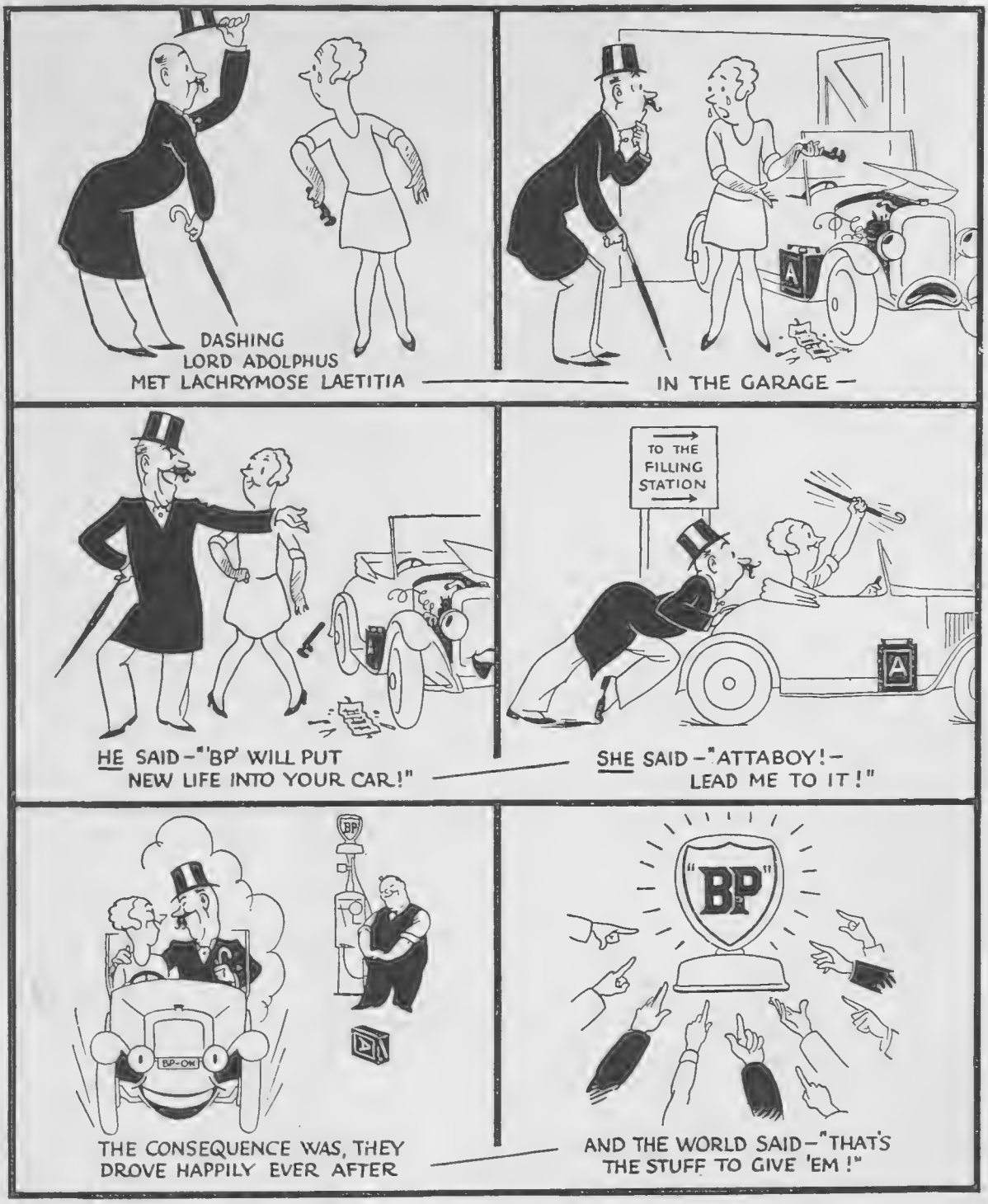
MISS JOAN MARTIN

A cousin of the Earl of Birkenhead, with her Buick car. This is an Empire Saloon model which combines comfort with efficiency

WHEN you proceed, with Grantham as your next objective, you pass through Newark and East Retford (and do not forget five miles this side of Retford to keep straight on and not deviate to the left), Doncaster, that long and straggling town, turning sharp under the bridge by the railway arch and so a long solitary drive to Aberford, and then, if the road is clear and not too many cars approach you with glaring head lights, you should reach Wetherby, the junction for Harrogate, some eleven miles further west. Of course, those who do not like night driving will not approve of reaching Harrogate at about 2 a.m., but if you land there at the Grand Hotel and notify them beforehand you will find an agreeable little supper awaiting you. You go to bed to wake next morning refreshed, with the whole day in which to amuse yourself.

(*Continued on page* iv)

"Consequences"



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DRIVING TO HARROGATE (*continued from page ii*)

Before leaving the subject of roads, I should mention that I was driving the latest Buick Empire Saloon, 28.4 h.p.—one of the easiest running cars procurable. On longish drives very often the passengers in the back are thrown about, but the Buick is beautifully sprung, thanks largely to its shock eliminator in the front. I had a slight mishap in the region of Harrogate, as the tool box under the near running board struck a large stone near Boroughbridge placed evidently as a trap for the unwary by the neighbouring Urban District Council. It is time that Yorkshire removed these very dangerous and unnecessary impedimenta from the edges of roads.

S

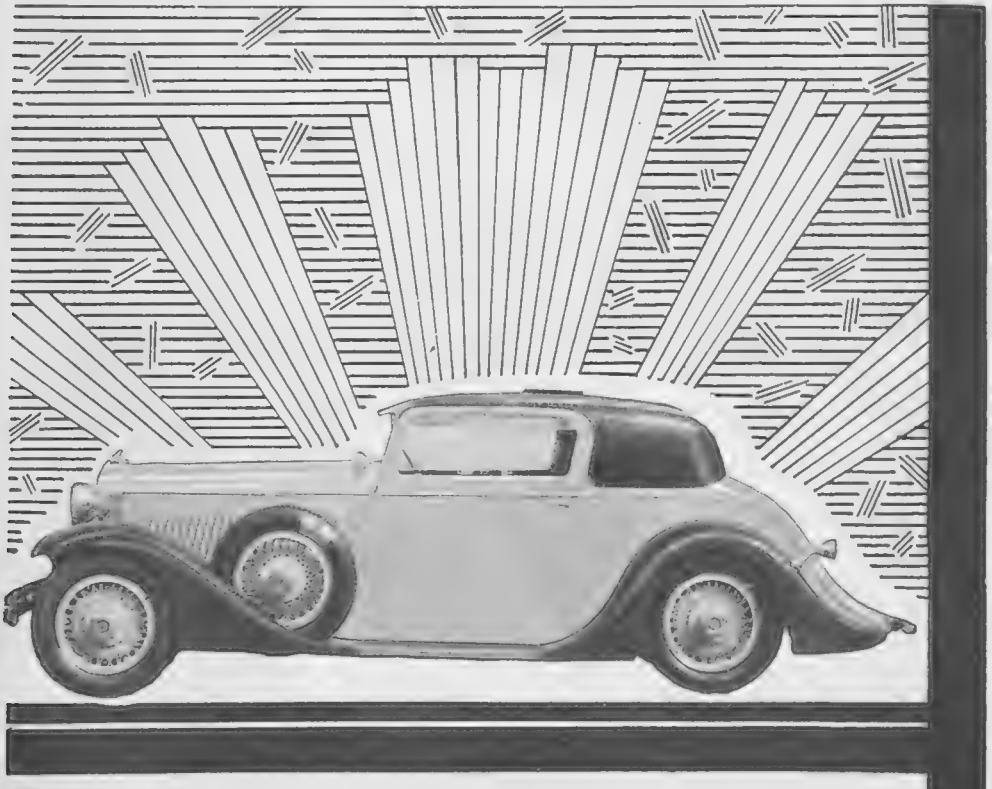
WHEN next morning you want a refresher you repair to the Harrogate baths and wells, and drink two glasses of Kissingen water without ceasing. If you are lucky you may meet Mr. F. J. C. Broome, who is to Harrogate what Mr. Cochran is to the theatre world. Harrogate without Mr. Broome is unthinkable. Tell him your ailments, and though he will professionally recommend you to a medical man I have reason to suspect that Doctors hold discussions with him as to what they should dispense to their patients with varying ills. He will tell you that the best medical attendance is your common sense. Mr. Broome has many more activities than these, for he has a great deal to do with the amusements, which are always first-class, and the hotels, which are the same. Nor does he forget the lovely gardens, gardens that make Harrogate the most beautiful spa, not only in Great Britain, but in Europe. Incidentally, I should not forget to mention that Harrogate is the only spa in Great Britain, and I believe in Europe, that makes a profit, while its income is more than all the other well-known spas put together. I suspect Mr. Broome is guilty of that also.

My Buick ran from 45 to 65 m.p.h. without the slightest hitch from beginning to end. According to my gauge, the average petrol consumption was almost 15 miles to the gallon. That is good.

A delightful view of the Royal Hall Gardens at Harrogate, showing the well-known Majestic Hotel in the background

MR. F. J. C. BROOME

One of the outstanding personalities in Harrogate. He is manager of many of the public resorts, and is an excellent organiser



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The climate of Fishguard and the western district of Pembrokeshire in general is akin to that of Cornwall, being mild and equable to a quite remarkable degree.
The surrounding district is very interesting, and visits to the numerous places in the neighbourhood presenting features of unusual attraction are a never-failing delight, St. David's, the far-west Welsh Cathedral City, being of itself a centre of enormous interest.
The Hotel is under the management of the G.W.R. Co., and is run in accordance with the Company's reputation for efficiency. Excellent cuisine. Croquet and Tennis Lawns, Billiard Room and Library. Golf in the immediate neighbourhood.

Exclusive Trout Fishing for Hotel Visitors.

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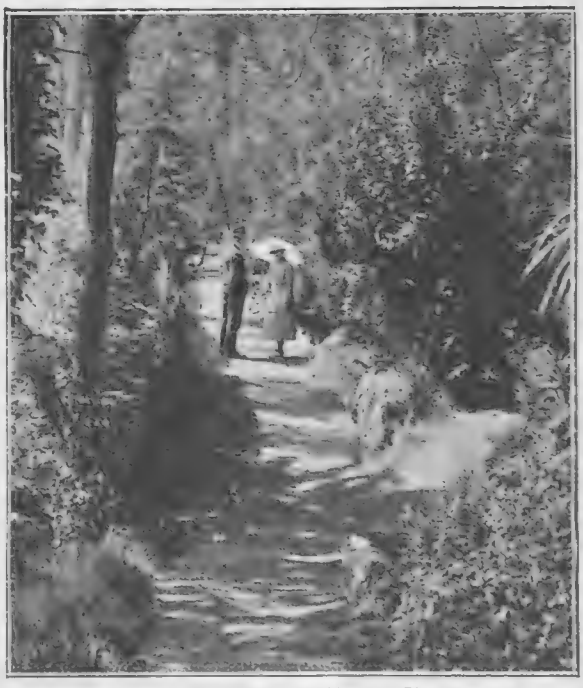

FISHGUARD BAY HOTEL.
IN THE WOODS.

MOTOR NOTES

SHORT SKIRTS FOR SAFETY

By E. M. Wright

WHERE will the battle between the short and the long skirt ultimately be decided—in the fashion saloon or in the motor showroom? For years we have talked of women's influence on motor car design; now, perhaps, its design will have no little influence on women, for I can hardly believe that women motorists will risk their own lives and the lives of others by wearing the long skirts which Paris is trying to foist upon them. All unconsciously the bashful draftsman in Coventry may wield even greater power than the most famous Parisian dress designer. Remember it was the bicycle maker who really brought into being the bloomers of the '90's; and motoring touches women far more closely than bicycling ever did.

***

FAR be it from me to lay down the law; but how *could* a woman manage to drive at all if her legs—or shall we once more call them "lower limbs"?—were swathed in skirts and petticoats down to her ankles? Will she even try? Picture the misery of the young thing who has never in her life worn a skirt more than a few inches below her knee. She would be as helpless as a mummy. Consider the plight of the pillion girl. Riding astride—as for safety's sake she should—would become impossible. One can easily visualise, too, the terrible accidents which would result should flapping skirts get caught in the chain or the wheel. And lastly, what of those who remember the tyranny of long skirts? Will they meekly submit to orders from Paris? Not, I imagine, when driving a car.

***

YET you never can tell. Mere man may point out the risk of getting one's foot caught in the folds of a long dress at the critical moment, or of mistaking the accelerator pedal for that of the brake when both are hidden under a flowing skirt. But it is gravely to be feared that the woman's reply will be that such a risk is as nothing compared with the certainty of being dubbed dowdy and out-of-date. As it is, the average man has little faith in the woman driver, who is all too prone to make disastrous mistakes even when her movements are unrestricted. He will have yet more reason to complain should she add sheer physical incapacity to her other shortcomings. The menace is so serious that I am half tempted to suggest an amendment to the Road Traffic Bill forbidding the long skirt by law; but such prohibition would, I fear, achieve as little as that other kind of Prohibition across the Atlantic. We should probably be faced with hordes of defiant women attempting to drive in voluminous crinolines, hobble skirts, and every other kind of monstrosity.

***

NOT so serious, but equally ridiculous from the motoring point of view, is the large hat which threatens to "come in" with the long skirt. No pen could describe the misery of a girl unwise enough to go motoring in, say, an open sports car if large hats *must* be worn; while the pillion girl would suffer even more from excess of hat than she would from excess of skirt. The modern saloon car is no place of refuge for a lady with an outsize in hats, for the very good reason that head-room is at a premium. With only inches to spare between the roof and her bare head, there will be no space whatever for the vast floral erections of former days; while the "tumble-in" sides decreed by modern motor car fashion make small-brimmed hats essential. Either cars will have to grow higher and wider, or hats will have to remain as they are. In any contest, however, between coachbuilders and hatters the odds are heavily in favour of the former. Women's fashions must in the long run accommodate themselves to the needs of daily life. It seems certain that the Battle of the Skirts will be won in the front seats of the car.

***

ONE of the most interesting British Sixes available to-day is the Standard "Envoy," at £340, of which I had a trial when in Coventry recently. The engine, taxed now at £16, is remarkably silent and well balanced, and the power output so smooth and easy as to be deceptive. I was particularly impressed by the acceleration from very slow speeds on top gear. The carburation—one of the problems in designing

(*Continued on page* viii)

THE WILDS OF WARWICKSHIRE

A picturesque setting near Warwick showing a Triumph Super Seven fabric saloon de luxe, one of the most comfortable and up to date of the smaller cars

THE PRINCE'S SAFARI

During H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' recent hunting expedition in Africa, a fleet of seven Wolseley cars were used throughout the tour. Shown above is one of these cars in the foreground, while beyond can be seen natives indulging in one of their many curious dances. This photograph was taken in the Belgian Congo

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PIPER-HEIDSIECK
CHAMPAGNE?
ANCIENT HOUSE OF HEIDSIECK
ESTABLISHED 1785

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page vi)

any smallish six-cylinder engine—appears to be faultless, for the throttle may be thrown open without the engine showing the slightest symptoms of hesitation. The springing is excellent and the steering, though a trifle heavy when manœuvring from lock to lock at low speeds, gives a very positive control. Standard bodywork always deserves more than an ordinary measure of commendation, and this saloon is no exception. The seating is delightfully comfortable. There is the leg room of a much bigger car in both compartments, and the finish is remarkably good for a car of such modest price. Altogether the Envoy represents outstanding value for money in a car that performs as well as it looks.

* * *

From the A.A. I learn that the Dutch authorities have granted motorists resident in Great Britain and Northern Ireland exemption from road tax for visits of not more than four months. To help those touring in Austria who may find difficulty with the variations in the rule of the road, the A.A. has prepared maps, which will be distributed free at all Austrian Customs Houses, showing by means of different colours the provinces in which one must keep to the left and those where the right-hand rule is in force. Members of the A.A. visiting Belgium may obtain free of charge a little handbook giving particulars of taxes, regulations, hotels and garages.

* * *

The Dart Motor Boat Company, Ltd., of 24, Harrison Street, W.C.1, are now making deliveries of a new 22½-foot Dart Craft Speed Yacht Tender. This is equipped with a 75 h.p. six-cylinder Chrysler Crown motor, giving it a speed of up to 28 m.p.h. The price is £560.

IN GHANDILAND!

A Humber "Snipe" saloon photographed in the Chandni Chowk, Delhi, one of the many places that have played an important part in the recent disturbances

Professor A. M. Low's Puckish flittings over the whole field of scientific research and his light and amusing method of imparting information on the most abstruse problems have long been a welcome feature of motor journalism, while the information so palatably given has behind it all the authority of one who can write D.Sc., A.C.G.I., M.I.A.E. after his name. His latest suggestion for brighter and better motoring sounds preposterous—yet I wonder. When I saw him recently he had been reading of a recent and very serious invention, a bearing box for steamships. "This box," he told me, "is provided with a high melting point wax cover which encloses a volatile oil having a strong distinctive smell. The idea is that when the bearing overheats the engineers will be warned by the melting of the wax and the freeing of the smell. It may be due to the spring," he continued, "but this suggests to me a delightful possibility for motoring. Why should not one drive up to a garage to find the proprietor ready with dogs of different types? Pekingese might, with a little trouble, be trained to bark at the smell of a hot piston, while 'Bull Dogs for Big-Ends' seems to me to be particularly suitable."

E. M. W.

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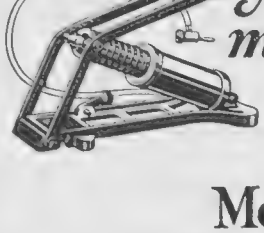

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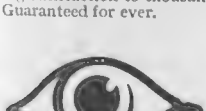

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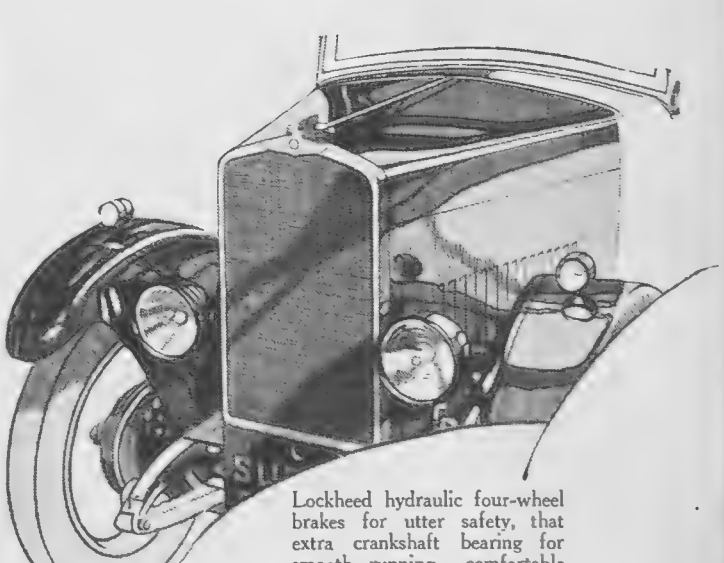

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

THE GLAMOROUS GAIETY GIRL

By Ralph Straus

IT was Arnold Bennett, I fancy, who first made the suggestion in print that publishers might well make use of a book's jacket to give some biographical details of its author, in cases, at any rate, where that author was not very well known. It is a good idea, but it has its dangers. Any such details may easily tend to become blurbish or—be too carefully selected. I could have wished, for instance, for details about Mr. John Owen's career on the jacket of *Many Captives*, for in that case I would not have made the mistake of declaring that that was his second instead of his eighth novel.

S

I SEE, however, that the idea has now been carried a step farther, and in *Famine Alley* (Marriott: 7s. 6d.), a first novel, I presume, by Miss Prudence O'Shea, she is good enough to introduce herself to our notice (in five pages of print) before getting on with her story. Well, I have no particular objection, though I hope that the example will not be widely copied. So many authors, I am afraid, who are not quite so well known as they feel they ought to be, might not find five pages nearly enough in which to unburden their souls.

S

AS a Gaiety Girl, it seems, Miss O'Shea "knew only the glamorous part of the stage." She became a Ziegfeld Folly, and, doubtless as a result, nobody to-day can make her jealous. She has always enjoyed the best of luck, even when she left the stage for journalism. She cannot be fooled "when it comes to a beautiful woman," and she believes herself to have "a real flair for good, all-round malicious gossip when in the company of silly people." "I'm a terribly good seamstress," she concludes, "— most musical comedy people are—and I cook better than our professional cook. But I quite see that if these sterling qualities are noised abroad the sales of my book will fall off; so I add in self-defence that some people consider me very fast!" Incidentally, she informs us that she proposes to go on writing until the day comes when nobody will read her.

S

I COMMEND her courage. Sales do have the unhappiest habit of falling off, even when autobiographical vignettes are wholly absent. I would only add the warning that it may be well to remember that before this can happen those sales must really have existed.

S

Famine Alley is not a great book. It is not even a particularly exciting book. But it does read more or less like the truth, and I imagine that it *is* very near to being the truth. It is the story of a very beautiful girl who, after being "posted" to George Edwardes—he is only one of many theatrical celebrities allowed to retain their own names in the book—becomes a Gaiety Girl and discovers that all that glitters is not even silver-gilt. Mel Regan, unlike her author, is not lucky at all. She falls madly in love with as unpleasant a scoundrel as ever had a suite of rooms in Jermyn Street; she ruins an infatuated foreigner (with wife and children) —£12,000 in a year, even in 1913, when there were still people with a pound or two to spend, seems too much for a chorus girl with no desire to enter the peerage; and, after one of those ill-balanced friendships with a feminine adorer, she sinks down very near to the dregs. But for the fact that, in addition to the autobiographical vignette there is also a distinctly optimistic prologue, I would not have been surprised to hear that Mel had drugged herself to death or "fallen into" the Thames. The epilogue, however, relieves you from all anxiety.

PRUDENCE O'SHEA

A former Ziegfeld Folly, the author of "Famine Alley" (Marriott: 7s. 6d.), a novel which Mr. Straus reviews on this page

PHILIP HUGHES *E. O. Hoppé*

Whose new book, "A Man of Manners" (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.), has just been published. His first novel, "Together," went through eleven editions

S

AND once again that old question crops up: why is it that stories about the stage are so rarely satisfactory? Is it that you know more or less beforehand what is going to happen? Is it that actors and actresses resemble one another more than do stockbrokers or plumbers or dressmakers or housemaids? It may be that Mel's story would have been less usual if she had been allowed to tell it herself. But perhaps Miss O'Shea did not wish it to be unusual. At any rate, it is human, and it introduced me to a word which ought to be better known. When the actress, who tells Mel's story, is rehearsing with some not very distinguished provincials, she says that "they slubbered." Delightful word! I have been looking for it for years. So many people one meets . . .

S

I PASS on to a novel which certainly is a most unusual piece of work. *The Man Without a Necktie* (Stanley Paul: 7s. 6d.) is a translation, though, curiously enough, we are not told in what language it was originally written. The authors, who call themselves Arbib-Hauser, claim that this is the first novel in the history of literature to be written by a woman in collaboration with her son. But surely the late Hesketh Pritchard wrote several novels in collaboration with his mother? And I am not convinced that he stood alone in that respect.

S

NO matter, the novel is exceedingly interesting, and I am not surprised to hear that it has already been translated into several European languages. The theme is as old as the hills, but it is treated in a new way. Nearly two hundred years ago the satirists were busily inventing savages who came to a highly civilised Europe, hoping to learn wisdom, but finding nothing except cruelty and ignorance and stupidity. *The Man Without a Necktie* is an Indian from the Brazilian wilds. He has been adopted and educated by a Frenchman of mixed parentage who has left Europe in disgust. This Dr. Kramer proposes to show Europe to his ward, but dies before he reaches it. The Indian Moacir, however, determines to see things for himself, and the story shows his slow disillusion and his ultimate fate.

(*Continued on page* xii)

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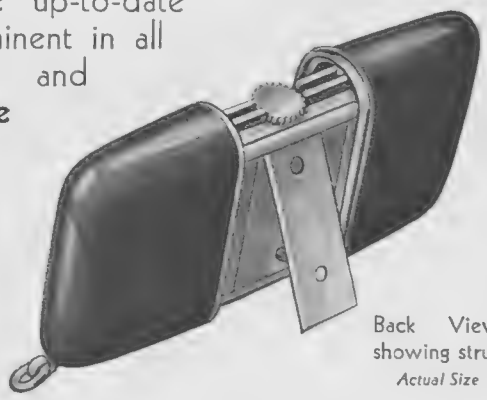

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page x)

Two Italians get hold of him and attempt to make financial use of him as a music-hall "artist." In Paris he becomes "the rage," and also falls in love with a millionaire's wife. In the belief that the savage in him has not been eradicated, she practically asks him to kill her husband, and he very nearly does. But Dr. Kramer's teaching has left its mark. Moacir flies from these highly civilised folk, and in the company of some Marseilles fishermen finds a message for humanity which is so old as to appear to them startlingly new. But it is the prophet's lot to be stoned, and a bullet coming from nobody knows where puts an end to Moacir's strangely picturesque career.

The book is sincere, and it moved me. It is also dramatic, and the scene in which Moacir sets out to kill the millionaire but is forced to see *his* side is particularly good. The authors, moreover, have not made the mistake of peopling Italy and France—Moacir journeys no farther—only with those who are rotten. True, the savage is a little unlucky in his friends, but that was to be expected, and in these stunting days it is a risky business to turn yourself from a raree-show into a moral teacher. As Count Morani knows very well, it is only the sensational which will really pay the entrepreneur. But enough. This is a good book, which I think you will enjoy.

It is, I suppose, an open secret that the "Beachcomber" who invented Mr. Thake and Dr. Strabismus (whom God preserve) of Utrecht is Mr. J. B. Morton. It may be less well known that he wrote *The Barber of Putney*, one of the best of the War books, though published some years too soon, and two or three extraordinarily gracious volumes of countryside essays. In addition, as his friends will tell you, he is a man of extreme views. He does not approve of our modern ways. He is not a Bright Young Thing. He prefers good beer to cocktails, would have no use at all either for Mr. Hugh Scott or his predecessors, and looks to the future with the direst forebodings.

And if you read *Drink Up, Gentlemen* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.*) and hear of all the horrible things that are going to happen to this benighted country within a very few years, you may be made thoroughly uncomfortable. The public-houses open for only two hours in the day; tea-houses dumped down (with super-loud-speakers) in every village; everything whittled down to a single pattern; no fun, no joy, and prohibition, with all that it stands for, knocking very loudly on the door. But shall we really agree to be slaves? Never! And so there comes Mr. Morton's amusingly satirical story of a village rebellion.

Now I do not say that the actual story is always thrillingly exciting, but I do say that the book as a whole is exceedingly good to read. Mr. Morton has something to say, and says it with a fine old roar. He never stops to be polite, and sometimes he is dreadfully bitter. But he is also most entertaining, and he can write a first-rate song, and his wit and gaiety are catching. You will, I think, enjoy his book, and ask for more.

R. S.

Books and Their Authors

Diana Dauntless, just published by Heinemann's, is, we are told, a spirited novel of the high romance of Romany roads and the gay court of early eighteenth-century England. The lovely heroine, Diana, and her grandfather, Lord Dauntless, are seeking to win back possessions lost in following the cause of the Pretender. The story moves with swift certainty through a series of fights, plots and intrigues, with only Diana's quick wit and feminine charm, and the unswerving love of the young Earl of Daventry to guard against their many enemies.

Skeffington have just published a new biography of the Empress Eugenie of France under the title of *The Tragic Empress*, by the late Comtesse des Garets, who was Maid of Honour, as well as intimate friend, to the Empress during her happy years before the Franco-Prussian War, and during the tragic days of Sedan, which were followed by exile and culminated in the death of the Prince Imperial during the Zulu War. We are told that the book throws new light on the death of the Prince Imperial, and contains copies of letters written by Captain Carey immediately upon his return to camp after his party had been ambushed by the Zulus.

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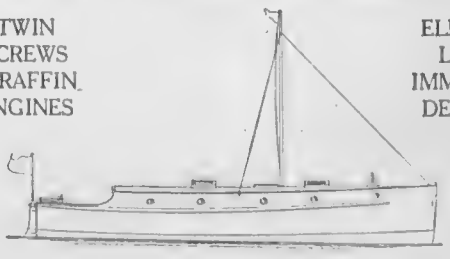

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SHOOTING NOTES

Some well-known people who were present at the Rufford Hunt Puppy Show They are the Marquess of Titchfield, M.P., M.F.H. (left), Lady Ann Cavendish-Bentinck, the Marchioness of Titchfield, Mrs. G. W. Farnsworth, Miss Beckett, Mr. G. W. Farnsworth, and Mr. Beckett, Jun.

A GOOD ALL-ROUND GUN-DOG

By "Clodhopper"

IT rather puzzles one as to why that handsome, intelligent, and essentially useful Spaniel, the Welsh Springer, has of recent years been so neglected by shooting men, especially outside the boundaries of the Principality. There is, of course, the Welsh Springer Spaniel Club, which holds periodical field trials, and does much towards keeping the breed from falling into decay, while amongst the most successful breeders and exhibitors of this variety of Gun-Dog are Capt. Evers-Swindell and Mr. Stephens, respective owners of the notable prize-winners Good Sport and Felcourt Rosette.

AT the last Crufts' Show only 53 Welsh Springers were entered, as against 254 English Springers, and a number of the "Taffies" were not benched at all. And yet I venture to say that the Welshman, though smaller and of lighter build than his English prototype, is every whit as keen a worker in the field, equally loyal and good-tempered, and—in my experience at any rate—less excitable and steadier on game than the former.

THE Welsh Springer as an all-round Gun-Dog is admirable. Bred as he is—and has been for centuries, perchance—mainly for the field and not for the Show bench, a more thorough little workman, both in appearance and characteristics, than he it would be difficult to find. He may lack something of the style and finish of some of the more popular breeds of Spaniel, perhaps, but ask him to perform a long and hard day's work over ground such as would very quickly crock up not a few notable field-trial winners, and he will assuredly do all that is required of him and finish up fresh as the proverbial lark.

THOUGH of lighter build than most of the Spaniels the Welsh Springer is a most attractive looking Dog, white in colour, with red markings, a fine head, and rather small vine-leaf shaped ears, which gradually narrow towards the tip. Though not much heavier than a Cocker he is rather longer in the leg, possesses great freedom, stamina and courage. He has a splendid nose, is a remarkably close and tireless worker, quick in picking up the line of and retrieving a runner. He will face any kind of covert, including furze, and is unequalled for working wide areas of rough open country in a team. Briefly, a steady and carefully trained Welsh Springer will hold his own with any breed of Spaniel in the field. To appreciate this fact one has but to watch a brace or team of these dogs at work, or to attend a field trial under the Welsh Springer Spaniel Club.

IN common with the English Springer, the canine subject of these Notes has not very long been recognised by the Kennel Club as a distinct variety of Spaniel. When first introduced to the notice of English authorities upon Spaniels the doggy innovation from the land of leeks was by many declared to be nothing more or less than the result of a cross between the Norfolk (now the English Springer) and Clumber Spaniels.

THIS theory was probably deduced from the fact that the Welshman resembles the English Springer in build and the Clumber in colour. Welsh cynologists, however, declare the breed to be a very ancient one, and to suggest to any sportsman within the Principality that this particular variety of Spaniel is of mongrel English origin would be quite sufficient to create a perfect hurricane of Celtic invective around one's head. Be the Welsh Springer of ancient or modern lineage, he is hard to beat in the shooting field. He invariably proves to be quite easy to train if he is taken in hand early enough, and a very true and faithful companion, particularly as a one-man dog.

IN purchasing a pure-bred adult or a puppy the following points should be looked for: Skull long and fairly broad with well-defined stop, muzzle strong but not too heavy, eyes dark, not too large nor prominent, hair should not show; ears vine-leaf shape, comparatively small, set fairly low and hanging close to the cheeks; shoulders long and sloping; forelegs medium length, straight, good bone and moderately feathered. The body should always be strong, fairly deep, not too long; ribs well sprung.

ALDRIDGES invariably include a good class of highly trained Gun-Dogs from some of the best known kennels in the kingdom, and in most cases a dog's antecedents and working abilities are given in the catalogue. I hold no brief for Messrs. Freeman, nor have I attended one of their Gun-Dog auctions for several years. Upon two occasions, however, I purchased Retrievers at Aldridges' sales and I can say without any hesitation that in each case the Dogs which I bought turned out to be quite up to their "warranty."

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

SHOOTING SEASON PLANS

WATCHING the weather to judge how partridges are getting along finds little counterpart in what is in many centres the more important game. Pheasants have about three weeks' start of the other bird, hence where they encroach on partridge ground they make considerable inroads on the supply of insect fare. The immense number that are artificially reared give no trouble in this respect and to gain lustiness need little more than genial sunshine such as has been fairly plentiful in recent weeks. In fact, the mixture of showers and bright intervals has been ideal, though the same cannot be said of the severe thunderstorms that struck various districts in the fourth week-end of May. These will have been injurious to wild broods and may have caused losses amongst newly arrived chicks on the rearing field. But in a period so essentially seasonable as this has been up to date prospects at the moment are certainly bright, more especially taking into account the fine breeding stock. Those, therefore, whose plans are not yet made, whether in the taking of shoots or shares in the same, would do well to get a move on. Likewise, in the matter of equipment, if you need an extra gun buy it now, because in this connection the rule should be, Better never than late. So with a dog. Start the season knowing each other well.

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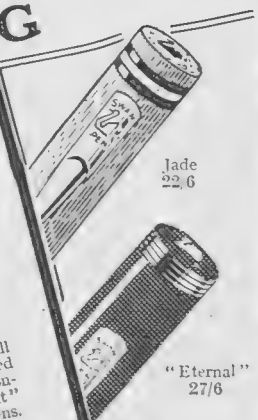

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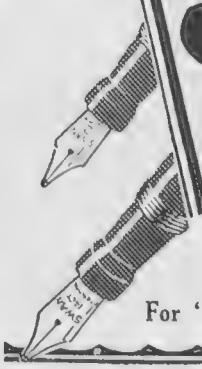

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DOGS

COMING EVENTS AND FOX TERRIER FACTS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

ONE hopes for bright skies, but "whether or weather," as one enthusiast puts it, to-day, Wednesday, will bring a big influx of doggy folk into the Royal town of Windsor, for the Dog Show to be held, by the gracious permission of that interested fancier, the King, in the best of all picnic Show venues, the Home Park, with the Castle walls for background, and among trees that represent an epitome of the English scene. The promoters of this popular event are the Canine Association of Berks, Bucks and Oxon, and some of the Dogs come from as far afield as Scotland and Devonshire. There's a good Show due at Epping to-morrow; another at Leeds on Saturday; and the 19th brings others at Oxford and Shrewsbury.

THE correspondent who insists that "The Fox Terrier, both Wire and Smooth, but especially the Wires, has been knocked clean out by excessive breeding, and is losing popularity every day in consequence," really must take a brace, or a peg, or something cheering. Hunting men ridicule the notion of Fox Terrier gameness having disappeared; and as to general popularity, here's a suggestive little indication: The recent "Great Joint Terrier" Show was one of the biggest ever. Of all the different breeds concerned those most numerously represented were in this order: Wire Fox Terriers, Cairn, Scottish, Smooth Fox, Airedale and Bull Terriers. Last year the order was Cairn, Wire Fox, Scottish, W.H.W. and Airedale.

Sport and General

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FOLK who still cherish the illusion that lady fanciers don't accomplish much outside the smallest breeds should note that, while Pekingese did top the list at the L.K.A. Show, they were pretty closely followed by such sporting varieties as Cockers, Irish Setters, Fox Terriers and Labradors; and by such big fellows as Irish Wolfhounds and Alsatian Wolf-dogs. The Irish Wolfhounds quite often weigh more than their owners. By the way, the Kennel Club's 69th Annual Show at the Crystal Palace has been fixed this year for October 8th and 9th, and most of the judges have already been chosen.

ENQUIRERS regarding the training of Alsatian Wolf-dogs (writing from the Riviera and elsewhere) will please note that the address of the Secretary of the Alsatian Sheep, Police and Army Dog Society is now 91, Harvard Court, West Hampstead, N.W.6. The Free Information Bureau, of 40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3, has a headquarters at 24, Jacob Street, Bermondsey, S.E.1; a centre specially concerned with all Dog foods, appliances, etc.

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HORS D'ŒUVRES
(SALADE D'ARTICHAUTS).

SOLE À LA TOUR D'ARGENT.

COTELETTES D'AGNEAU À LA MÉNAGÈRE.
POMMES NOUVELLES.

SOUFFLÉ D'ORANGES.

ANCHOIS À LA TOSCANE.

CAFÉ. DESSERT.

Salade d'Artichauts

CUT up six artichoke bottoms into thin strips, slice two medium-sized cucumbers very thin, chop up two very young onions; toss these ingredients; then shape neatly in the dish, garnish with small radishes, sprinkle over with celery salt, pour a salad dressing over, and serve.

Sole à la Tour d'Argent

FILLET a fair-sized sole and divide the fillets into eight pieces. Place them in a stewpan with half a pint of white stock and about a dozen and a half button mushrooms, season with salt and a very little cayenne pepper. Place over the fire for ten to fifteen minutes, and when the fish is cooked drain the fillets and place them on a hot dish, arranging the mushrooms on top of them. Then melt 1 oz. of butter in a pan, stir gradually into it 1 oz. of flour; when quite smooth stir into it one gill of cream and the same amount of the stock in which the fish was stewed. Stir until the sauce thickens, but do not let it boil. Pour over the fish and serve.

Cotelettes d'Agneau à la Ménagère

POUR a little ale into a frying pan and season with salt and pepper. Cook the lamb cutlets slowly, turning them once when done on one side. When ready, drain off the gravy and add half a wineglassful of white wine, a few chopped capers, and lastly the yolks of two eggs. Heat carefully, stirring all the time, and when thick and smooth add the cutlets. Warm them thoroughly, without letting the sauce boil, and serve in a border of creamed spinach.

ANCHOIS À LA TOSCANE are devilled anchovies, served very hot on buttered croûtes, sprinkled with chopped olives.

WHERE to DINE and DANCE

Name of Restaurant.	*Maître d'Hôtel.*	*Night of Extension.*	*Entertainment.*
AMBASSADORS CLUB	Carlo Bussetti	Thursday	Dance-Cabaret
ANGLAIS, CAFÉ	Borgo	Thursday	Dance-Cabaret
BERKELEY HOTEL	Ferraro	Wednesday	Dance-Cabaret
CARLTON HOTEL	Pratesi	Thursday	Dance-Cabaret
CIRO'S CLUB	Ferraro	Wednesday	Dance-Cabaret
CLARIDGE'S HOTEL	Charles	Wednesday	Dance (Sunday, Cabaret)
GROSVENOR HOUSE	Charles	Thursday	Dance-Cabaret
KIT-CAT RESTAURANT	Stocco	Thursday	Dance-Cabaret
MAY FAIR HOTEL	Charles	Wednesday	Dance-Cabaret
PARIS, CAFÉ DE	Conti	Wednesday	Dance-Cabaret
PICCADILLY HOTEL (LOUIS XIV)	Vairo	Thursday	Dance-Cabaret
QUAGLINO, CHEZ	Quaglino	Wednesday	Dance
SAVOY HOTEL	Santarelli	Thursday	Dance-Cabaret
SPLENDIDE HOTEL	Bologna	Wednesday	Dance-Cabaret

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Where to Stay

FEW spots on the Welsh coast have greater attractions for the tourist than the pretty little twin towns of Fishguard and Goodwick, especially if he be in search of the unconventional. Situated in delightful surroundings on either side of a beautiful bay, and joined by a wide road across the beach, the two places have been developed almost beyond recognition during the last twenty years.

A view of Fishguard showing the Fishguard Bay Hotel on the left. This is run entirely by the Great Western Railway Company, and affords the ideal place for a quiet and comfortable holiday

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THE spring and early summer lists of new Decca gramophone records are delightful surprise packets. Lovers of dancing will like Spike Hughes and his Decca Dents, who for syncopation and rhythm cannot be beaten. The members of this band, who are all young and all British, have made some records with really refreshing variations in theme, including "What Wouldn't I Do for that Man," "A Ship Without a Sail," and "Zonky." These records are only two shillings each. As well as their dance records, Decca cater for everybody's taste. Frank Titterton sings the Spring Song from "Die Walkure," Owen Bryngwyn sings Welsh songs, and for those who favour a lighter form of entertainment Gwen Farrar and Billy Mayerl sing and play.

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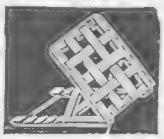

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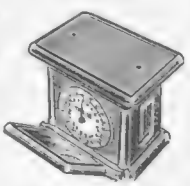

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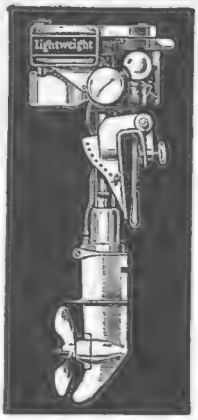

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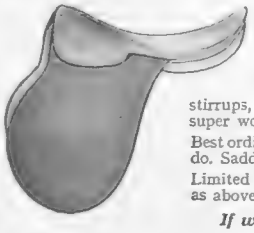

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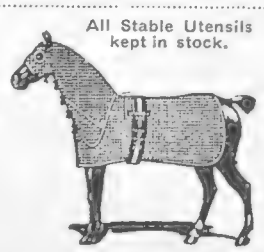

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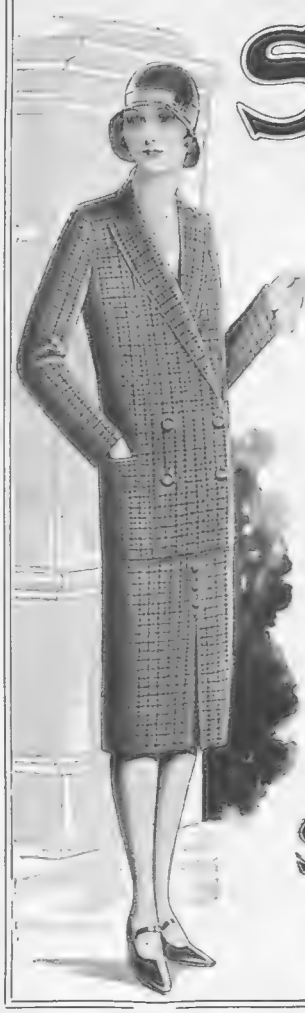

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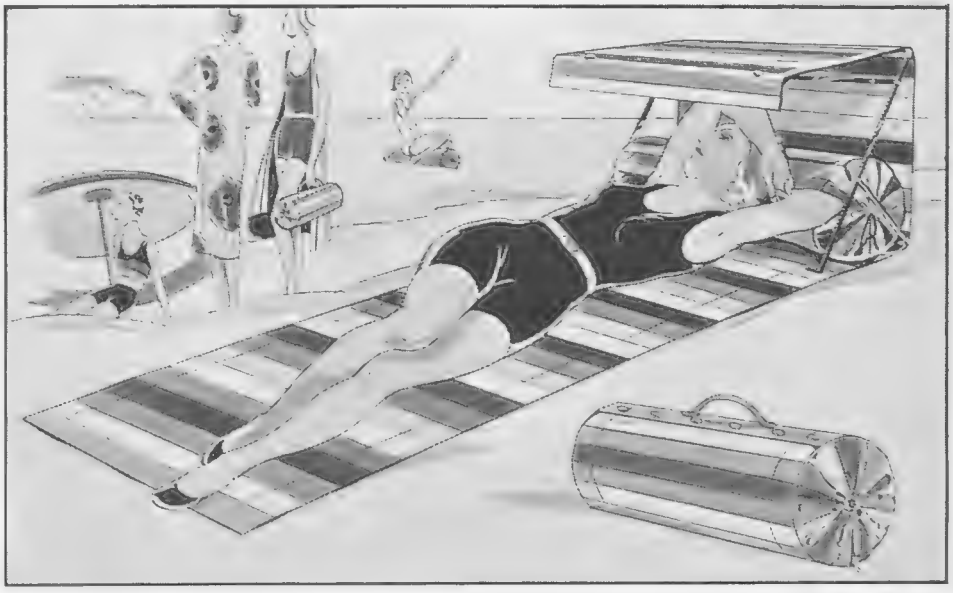

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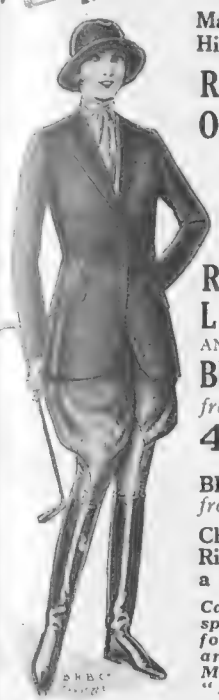

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WRITE FOR SUMMER SALE CATALOGUE

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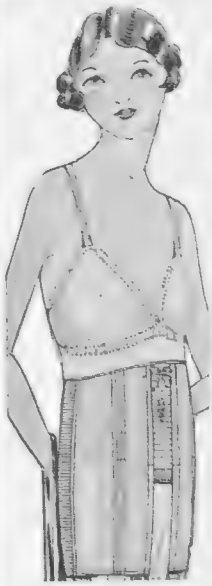

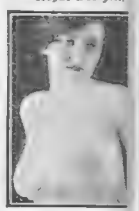

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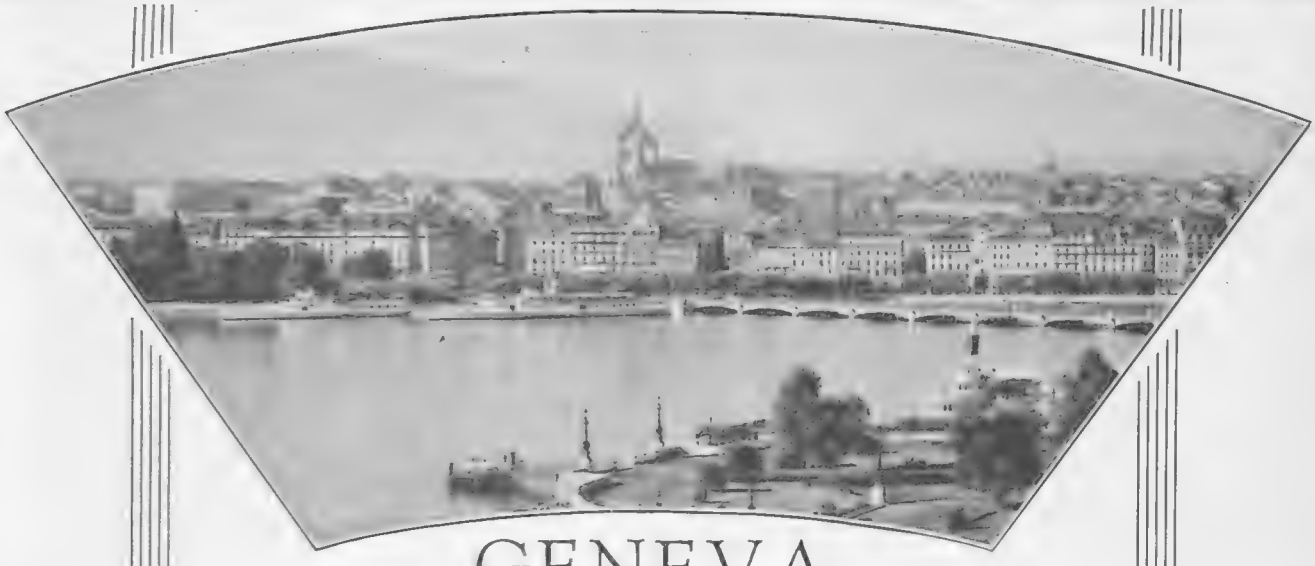

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cured by the radioactive hot springs (154 deg. Fahr.). Treatment the whole year.

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Brenner's Stephanie Hotel, Brenner's Kurhof, Casino Stephanie, standing in the same large private park.
Only 10 minutes by tram to the 18-hole Mountain Golf Course.

BRENNER'S STEPHANIE HOTEL

which used to be patronised by H.M. King Edward, then Prince of Wales, is still the home of the English Aristocracy. There were more English guests in the STEPHANIE in 1929 than any year before

Pension from M.22 — and with private bath from M.28 — except race-week.

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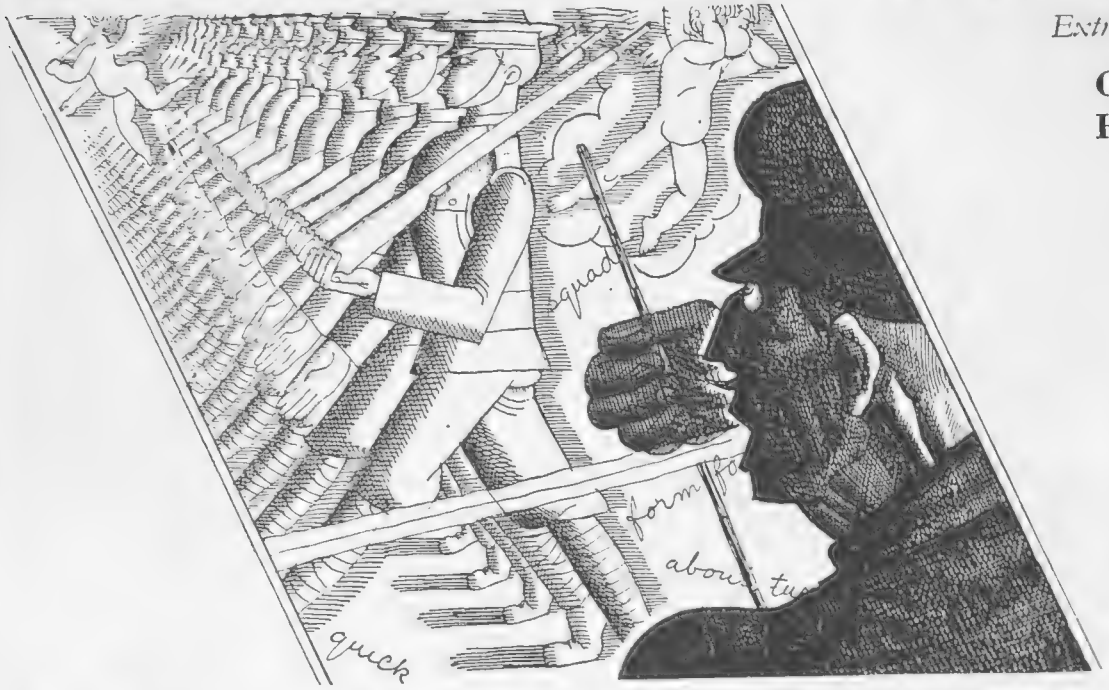
Are the Harrow Boys RIGHT?



Extract from "Daily Express," May 29

O.T.C. "MUTINY" AT HARROW SCHOOL

DEMAND FOR FEWER COMPULSORY PARADES.

LETTER TO C.O.

"A DREADED MILITARY TORTURE."

"Daily Express" Correspondent.

HARROW, Wednesday

HARROVIANS are in revolt against the number of compulsory parades of the school's O.T.C., and to-day a letter was sent to Lieut.-Colonel H. Ozanne, D.S.O., who commands the school corps, demanding fewer parades.

The letter, which was signed by 300 members of the corps out of the 400 enrolled, was as follows:

We, representing the N.C.O.'s, cadets, and members of Harrow School, beg to inform you that, in our estimation, two parades a week is one too many.

Corps, which used to be regarded as an institution necessary for discipline and training, has now become, through an excessive number of parades, a military torture, a thing to be dreaded and avoided, and now universally condemned. We feel that a reduction to one parade a week would abolish this hatred and restore respect and keenness.

We further point out that other schools of our standing are subject to only one parade a week, and we think that we are justified in demanding equality.

There has been for some time a strong feeling in the school against compulsory parades. The boys argue that before the war the corps was a voluntary and popular institution, and that now it is compulsory and unpopular.

"OUT OF DATE."

"There is no justification for the compulsory corps," said an emphatic Harrovian to me to-day. "The training we have to undergo would have been out-of date at the time of the Boer war. What possible use could it be to us even if we do have another war?"

When I asked the cadet what he thought the "C.O." would do about it, he replied: "The worst he can do is to tear up the letter."

He added, however, after a little reflection, that it would be worse still if Colonel Ozanne ordered three parades instead of two.

All Harrow boys of fifteen or more must join the O.T.C. if they satisfy the physical standard, unless specially exempted by the headmaster. There are about 650 boys in the school.

A Remarkable Coincidence

Whilst some three hundred members of the Harrow O.T.C. were deciding upon a "round robin" to their Commanding Officer, BRITANNIA & EVE had on the press, for its June issue, an outspoken article by Beverley Nichols entitled "MAKING A MAN OUT OF HIM." The writer deplores the hardening process which is considered a necessitous part of every boy's training, and says some very pertinent things about Cadet Corps and other "imbecilities," which he contends cannot be defended.

Every father of a son, every mother, every schoolboy and every schoolmaster (whether they agree or not) should read this candid criticism of British public school life.

In the JUNE issue of

BRITANNIA and EVE

Now on Sale One Shilling

BRITANNIA & EVE knows what is going on in this modern-day world. It is finding the features that post-war people want to read.

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BY APPOINTMENT

"VAUDEVILLE"
(Regd.)
The charm of this attractive felt is emphasised by its unusual folds and bonnet effect 30/-
Obtainable from any of our Agents or sent on approval on receipt of cash or London reference.

WHY REMAIN GREY?

How Society Men and Women Re-create their Hair's Lost Colour

FREE TREATISE.

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

This book will not take you ten minutes to read, yet it discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of Time by the one treatment endorsed by the Press.

THE FOLLY OF DYES.

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

The One Method Endorsed by the Press.

"THE QUEEN" (and "COURT CHRONICLE") says:

"'Facktative' certainly is admirable in its results. Its effects are permanent, it is delightfully clean and easy to use."—"There are other points which commend it: its admirable effects upon the general health and condition of the hair, *and so on; but it is in its* wonderful powers of restoring the actual colour *to the hair that its chief interest lies."*

"SUNDAY TIMES" says:

"'Facktative' is nature's own remedy and of its efficacy one can scarcely speak sufficiently in praise. . . I have personally used this restorative . . . I can myself testify to the truth of all it professes to accomplish."—HYGEIA (*Editress "Secrets of Health and Beauty"*).

Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent, and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of "Facktative" have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the FACKTATIVE CO. (Suite 21), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, *for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.*

Remarkable results follow this method. Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

You can easily prove this: when the colour has been restored, just wash your hair and you will find not a speck of colour comes away. This is because the colour is part of the very structure of your hair and not a dye or stain.

ENCOURAGES STRONG LUXURIANT GROWTH AND IMPROVES HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY

Besides restoring the lost colour, the Facktative treatment is of especial benefit to those who are returning to the longer hair vogue, and who are anxious to quicken a strong, luxuriant growth.

It removes all accumulations of Scurf or Dandruff.

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Finally, by restoring your hair to exactly the same shade and depth of colour as it possessed before it became faded, dull or grey, it makes you look years younger and even takes as much as 10 to 15 years from your apparent age.

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Just mention your address and a copy of this book will reach you by return, gratis and post free in plain sealed envelope, free from observation.

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Worry Proof. — Operates without ever demanding your attention. Does not even require oiling. In addition to its other proved superiorities, the B.T.H. Refrigerator offers the only ALL-STEEL cabinet . . . beautiful, durable, non-warping.

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A RANGE OF MODELS.

There is a size to fit the needs of your family, and the Gardner ½-minute freezer is a useful accessory.

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Branches and Agents in all the Principal Towns.

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For Summer Days

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Felt hats made to measure, from 38/6

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Two Steeples No. 150 SOCKS
Full fashioned handsome ingrains of St. Wolstan Wool (highest grade botany)
5/6 PER PAIR

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For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

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Private Bridle Path to Glorious Hacking Country.
10/6 per Hour and a Half.

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How Bright and Full of Energy This Boy Looks!
He Keeps His Face and Hands Clean and Healthy with

Cuticura Soap

Teach children early in life to use **Cuticura Soap** every day and **Cuticura Ointment** for any rashes or irritations. Shampoos with **Cuticura Soap** keep the hair healthy and thick.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1. Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

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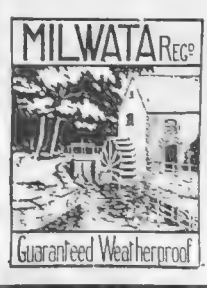

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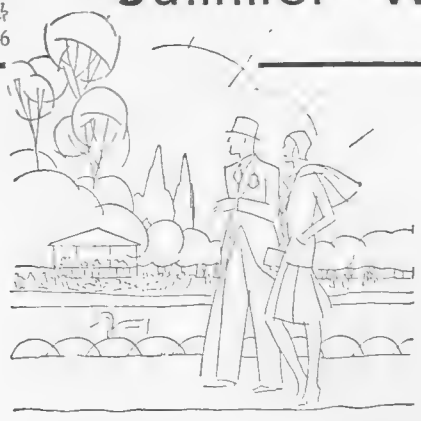

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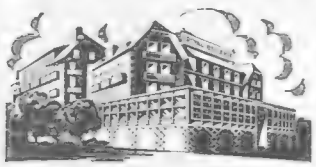
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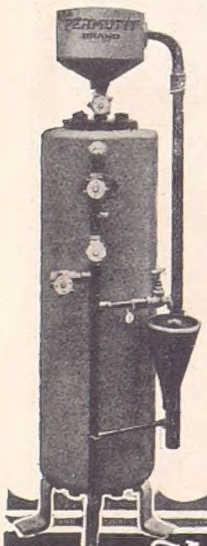

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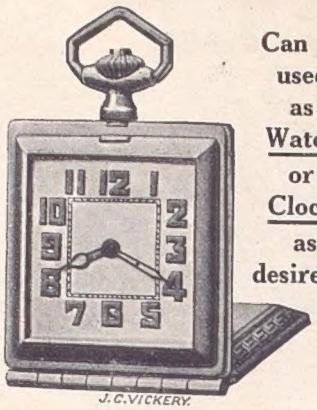

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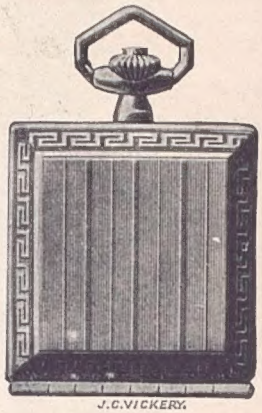

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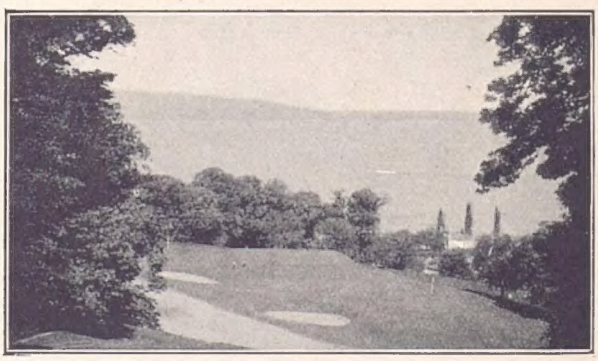

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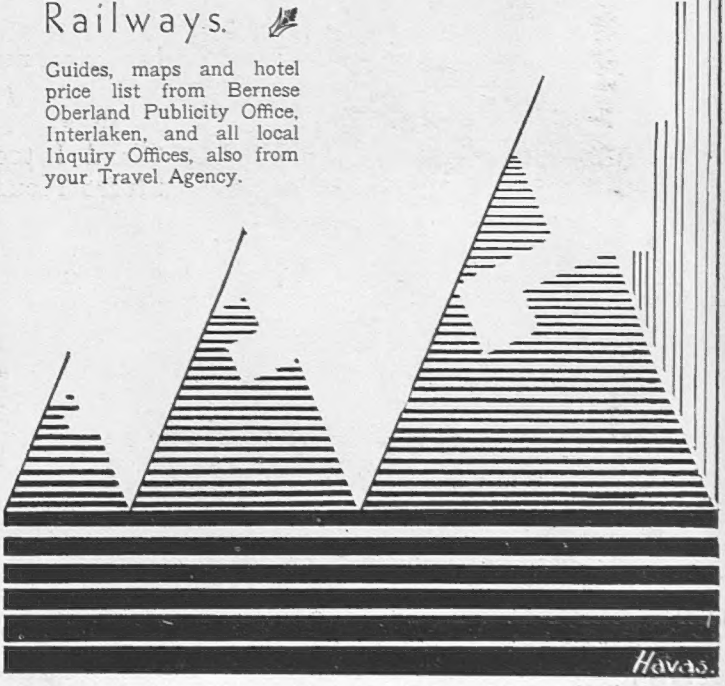

Havas.

The Confidences of Angela

"What an escape!" . . .

"Yes! Fresh as a daisy. It was such a hectic evening, Ted, that I had no time to tell you about Freddie and 'Poliport.' . . . Well, Flanelly told Freddie to have a real good win over 'Poliport' in the first race on Tuesday. No. . . . Wrong. . . . On the Tuesday, Freddie and I were having a bite at the Embassy, when Freddie swallowed an olive and gasped, '"Poliport"—down for the 2 o'clock!' He dashed off to the 'phone and tried to persuade his bookie to take £100 (fifty-fifty, Freddie and I) on 'Poliport.' Nothing doing. 'Too late'—came the reply—'It's just gone two.' I got on to 'Duggie' immediately. 'Angela speaking,' I shouted, 'I want a hundred on "Poliport." Is it O.K.?' 'Yes; it's after time,' he said, 'but the horses are not off yet, so you're on.' What an escape! . . . Phew! . . . After a Bronx and a Monkey Gland I took Freddie round to Stuart House."

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